THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

OCTOBER, 1801.

SKETCH
OF THE MEMOIRS OF THE CELEBRATED SWINDLER
CHARLES PRICE,
Enriched with a capital Portrait, taken from Life.

Even-handed justice returns the ingredients
Of our poisoned chalice to our own lips.
SHAKESPEARE.

IN our biographical department we have been studious of exhibiting MAN under the several forms after which he presents himself to society. Ever varying in his appearance—and accommodating himself to the circumstances in which he may be placed, he is scarcely ever the same for any long period of duration. There are characters, however, in the community, who add to these traits of variation by their dissimulation and hypocrisy. On account of this circumstance, the subject of our memoirs attained to a singular celebrity.

We mean to detail a series of singular facts, scarcely ever before equalled in the annals of depravity. By bringing forward such particulars, we may learn the progress of iniquity—teach the rising generation to guard against its first approaches—and warn our readers against those depredations which are daily infesting society. Such examples of

wickedness are indeed humiliating to our nature, but they hold forth instructive lessons. In this point of view they are well deserving of our contemplation.

CHARLES PRICE was born about the year 1730, in London—his father lived in Monmouth-street, and carried on the trade of a salesman in old cloaths—here he died in the year 1750, of a broken heart—occasioned, it is said, by the bad conduct of his children.

In early life Charles manifested those traits of duplicity for which he was afterwards so greatly distinguished. One instance shall be mentioned—he ripped off some gold lace from a suit of old cloaths in his father's shop, and putting on his elder brother's coat, went to sell it to a Jew. The Jew, most unfortunately, came and offered it to the father for sale—he instantly knew it, and insisted on the Jew's declaring whence he received it. The boys passing by, he pointed to the elder, on account of his *coat*, as the person of whom he bought it, and he was directly seized, and severely flogged. His protestations of innnocence were in vain—the father was inflexible—whilst Charles, with an abominable relish for hypocrisy, secretly rejoiced in the castigation.

His father, tired of the tricks and knaveries of his son Charles, put him an apprentice to a hosier in St. James's-street. Here he continued but for a short time—he robbed his father of an elegant suit of cloaths—in which he dressed himself—went to his master in this disguise—purchased about *ten pounds* worth of silk stockings—left his address, *Benjamin Bolingbroke, Esq. Hanover Square*, and ordered them to be sent him in an hour's time, when he would pay the person who brought them. His master did not know him—and, to complete the cheat, our hero came back in half an hour in his

usual dress, was ordered to take the goods home, which he actually pretended to do, and thus were both master and father robbed. He was, however, afterwards found out, and discarded. Henceforward, therefore, we are to regard him in society—where he, for a series of years, practised the most outrageous arts of duplicity.

Soon after this period he set off for Holland, under the assumed name of Johnson.—Forging a recommendation to a Dutch merchant—becomes his clerk—debauches his master's daughter—is offered her in marriage—robs his master, and returns to England. He conducts this business with the most consummate villainy.

He now contrived to become clerk in his majesty's small-beer brewhouse, near Gosport. At this place he behaved himself with so much propriety, that he was on the point of forming a matrimonial connection with his master's daughter. Every thing, however, was soon laid aside by an accidental discovery. The Jew, to whom he had formerly sold the gold lace, happened to live at Portsmouth, by whom his character was soon disclosed. Thus were his hopes put to flight; and he was again thrown upon the wide world!

As his wits were never long unemployed for some deceptive ends, he thought of advertising for a partner in the brewery line; and actually issued the following curious advertisement in the year 1755—

"WANTED

"A partner of character, probity, and extensive acquaintance, upon a plan permanent and productive—*fifty per cent.* without risk, may be obtained. It is not necessary he should have any knowledge of the business, which the advertiser possesses in its fullest extent; but he must possess a capital of between 500 and 1000 pounds, to purchase materials,

with which, to the knowledge of the advertiser, a large fortune must be made in a very short time.

" Address to P. C. Cardigan Head, Charing-Cross.

" P. S. None but principals, and those of liberal ideas, will be treated with."

To this advertisement the famous comedian, Samuel Foote, Esq. paid attention. Eager to seize what he thought a golden opportunity, he advanced the sum of 500l. for a brewery—we need not add, that the sum soon disappeared—and Foote was wrung with the anguish of disappointment. Price, however, had the impudence to apply to him again —wishing him to unite in the baking trade; the comedian archly replied: " *As you have brewed so you may bake; but I'll be cursed if ever you bake as you have brewed!*"

After this unfortunate business, Mr. Price turned methodist preacher, and in this character defrauded several persons of large sums of money.

Advertising in order to get gentlemen *wives*, he swindled a person of the name of Wigmore of fifty guineas, for which he is indicted; but having refunded a part, effects his escape. These, and other fraudulent practices were long the objects of his ambition; though they are all the sure and certain roads to infamy. Such was his strange propensity.

With astonishing impudence he again sets up a brewery in Gray's Inn Lane; and, after various frauds, he became a bankrupt in 1776. Ever fruitful in resources, he sets out for Germany, but in Holland gets into prison for a concern in a smuggling scheme, by which three hundred pounds were obtained. By his artful defence he escaped, and returned to his native country. Here he once more engaged his attention, by a sham brewery at Lambeth, where he was married. Continuing,

however, to practise his deceptions, he was obliged to decamp—went actually to Copenhagen, and, after some time, came back to England, where he was doomed to close his days.

His breweries having failed, he now proceeded to study how in other ways he might most effectually ravage society. Under the pretence of charity, he obtains money, for which he is imprisoned; and having been liberated, he, as a clergyman, succeeds in various impositions. This eventually brought him to the King's Bench prison, from whose walls he dexterously extricated himself.

A lottery-office keeper was the next subject of his attention; but decamping with a ticket of very large value, this scheme speedily came to a termination. To recount all his tricks would form the contents of a well-sized volume. Alas! for human depravity.

But we now arrive at that period of our hero's life, when he commenced his ravages upon the bank of England, which ended in his destruction. Such a series of iniquitous devices were never before practised on mankind.

In the year 1780, (under the assumed name of *Brank)*, Mr. Price engaged a servant, a plain simple honest fellow; by whom he passed his notes without detection. He advertised for him—and conducted himself towards him in a manner truly curious. Of the advertisement he heard nothing for a week — one evening, however, just as it was dusk, a coachman enquired for the man who had answered the advertisement, saying—"there was a gentleman over the way, in a coach, who wanted to speak with him." On this the young fellow was called, and went to the coach, where he was desired to step in. There he saw an apparent old man, affecting the foreigner, seemingly very gouty, wrapped up with five or six yards of flannel

about his legs, a camblet surtout buttoned over his chin, close to his mouth, a *large patch* over his left eye, and every part of his face so hid, that the young fellow could not see any part of it, except his nose, his right eye, and a small part of that cheek. To carry on the deception still better, Mr. Price thought proper to place the man on his left side, on which the *patch* was, so that the old gentleman could take an askance look at the young man with his right eye, and by that means discover only a small portion of his face. He appeared, by this disguise, to be between sixty and seventy years of age; and afterwards, when the man saw him standing, not much under six feet high, owing to boots or shoes with heels, very little less than three inches high. Added to this deception, he was so buttoned up and straightened, as to appear perfectly lank.

The writer of his life, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, then subjoins—"It may not be ill-timed, to those who did not know him, to give the true description of his person. He was about five feet six inches high, a compact neat-made man, square shouldered; inclined to corpulency. His legs were firm and well set; but by nature his features made him look much older than he really was, which, at that time, was near fifty. His nose was aquiline, and his eyes small and grey; his mouth stood very much inwards, with very thin lips; his chin pointed and prominent, with a pale complexion: but what contributed as much as any thing, to favour his disguise of speech, was his loss of teeth. He walked exceedingly upright, was very active and quick in his walk; and was something above what we describe a man to be when we call him a *dapper-made man*."

This simple and honest fellow Samuel, did Mr. Price employ to negociate his forged bills, principally

in the purchase of lottery tickets, at the same time never fully disclosing to him his name, person, or history. Indeed the plan was devised and executed with uncommon ability. However, at last Samuel was detected, having passed bills to the amount of *fourteen hundred pounds!!* But his agent eluded discovery, and retired with his booty into the shades of the deepest obscurity. The poor servant was imprisoned for near a twelvemonth, terrified out of his wits, being the innocent instrument of such complicated villainy.

Mr. Price having most probably exhausted his former acquisitions, sallies forth in the year 1782, after new game, wish the most unparalleled audacity. For this purpose he obtained his second servant from a register office; a smart active boy of the name of Power; his father was a Scots Presbyterian, and to ingratiate himself with him, Mr. Price made great pretensions to religion, expressing a hope that his son was well acquainted with the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. Our hero began his ravages upon Mr. Spilsbury of Soho-square, ordering large quantities of his drops. *Wilmot* was his present assumed name, and he introduced himself to him as possessing all the symptoms of age and infirmity. "He was wrapped up in a large camblet great coat, he had a slouched hat on, the brim of which was large and bent downward on each side of his head, a piece of red flannel covered his chin, and came up on each side of his face, almost as high as his cheek bones, he had a large bush wig on, and legs wrapped over with flannel. He had also a pair of green spectacles on his nose, with a green silk shade hanging down from his hat, but no patch on his eye."

It is remarkable that Mr. Spilsbury knew Mr. Price but not Mr. Wilmot; nay, so complete was the deception, that sitting together in a coffee-

house, Mr. S. complained to his coffee-house acquaintance of the notes which Wilmot had imposed upon him, Price kept crying out now and then, "Lack a day! Good God! who could conceive such knavery to exist? What, and did the bank refuse payment Sir? staring through his spectacles with as much seeming surprise as an honest man would have done. "O yes" said Mr. S. with some degree of acrimony, "for it was on the faith of the bank of England that I and a great many others have taken them; and they were so inimitably well done, that the nicest judges could not distinguish them." "Good God! lack a day" said Price, "he must have been an ingenious villain? What a complete old scoundrel!"

Upon Mr. Watt a hosier, Mr. Reeves a colourman, and a great many other individuals he practised frauds equally ingenious and successful, for in one day he negociated sixty ten-pound notes, changed fourteen fifty pound notes, for seven one hundred pound notes; indeed so multiplied are his tricks at this period, that the mind sickens at the recital of them.

In his last attempt on the bank, which ended in his detection, he assumed the name of *Palton*, pretended he was an Irish linen factor, and employed two young men to circulate his notes, whilst he still, greatly disguised, kept back in obscurity. By means of a pawn-broker he was found out with great difficulty. On his seizure he solemnly declared his innocence, and before the magistrate behaved with insolence. This detection took place on the 14th Jan. 1786; he was soon sworn to by more persons than one; and seeing no way of escape, he pretended to his wife in particular, great penitence; but there appeared no ground for its reality. The bank was fully intent on the prosecution of him, and there was no doubt of his

dying by the hands of the executioner. He however was found one evening *hanging* against the post of his door in his apartments, Tothill-fields Bridewell. Thus was the earth freed from as great a MONSTER as ever disgraced society.

It may appear strange to the reader, that this depraved impostor could have so long escaped discovery. But it must be added, that besides the multifarious disguises of his person, he had taken care to prevent almost the possibility of detection. To use the words of the writer of his life.—"Had Mr. Price permitted a partner in his proceedings, had he employed an engraver, had he procured paper to be made for him with water marks put into it, he must have been soon discovered, but Price was himself alone: he engraved his own plates, made his own paper with the *water marks*, and his negociator never knew him, thereby confining a secret to his own breast, which he wisely deemed not safe in the breast of another, even Mrs. Price had not the least knowledge or suspicion of his proceedings. Having practised engraving till he made himself sufficient master of it, he then made his own ink to prove his own works, having purchased implements and manufactured the water-marks, he next set himself to counterfeit hand-writings, and succeeded so far as even to puzzle a part of the first body of men in the world. The abilities of the unhappy Ryland were exerted in his profession; and therefore the imposition was to be less wondered at; but *here* was a novice in the art, capable of equal ingenuity in every department of the dangerous undertaking, from the engraving down to the publication."

Whoever reads this narrative with attention, must feel rising within his breast a series of useful reflections. That such talents should be appropriated to such an use, must be deeply regretted—but that

any individual should, throughout life, thus prey on his fellow-creatures, excites the strongest detestation. Society also may learn lessons of caution and vigilance, from the contemplation of the extraordinary character we have delineated. VICE here appears in its most odious features—that of meditated imposition upon the honest and industrious part of the community. Mark, however, its serpentine progress, and its wretched termination! Should this sketch of CHARLES PRICE, who has been emphatically stiled the SOCIAL MONSTER, prove useful to the younger classes of our readers, by guarding them against the first inroads of deception; the writer will not lose his reward. The Spartans used to teach young people sobriety, by setting before them a *drunken man*; so has it been *his* province to teach the rising generation, by the example of *Charles Price*, that *Honesty is the best policy*.

Islington, J. E.
Oct. 10th, 1801.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LV.]

ALFRED,

AN EPIC POEM, BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

IN our last paper, we mention the dismissal of Sigbert to gain tidings of Alswitha—we have now to notice his being taken prisoner, and his being about to be slain by Guthrum, the Danish general; to whom a female makes the following impressive speech, to abate his ferocity:—

———"Brave chieftain! know
here is one God alone, one Lord, who sits

High in yon starry vault, and with a thought
Thro' heaven, thro' earth, all things directs. His name
No tongue hath dared declare. He is that God
Who call'd us into being, who supports
All life—Omnipotent—Sovereign supreme!
He, with his voice of thunder, bids us learn
To love each other, and to know that all,
The ruler and the ruled, the rich and poor,
The prince and beggar! born in sultry climes,
Or where eternal snows all nature hide,
His children are, and destin'd to partake
In future worlds, after wise discipline,
His bounty. This Almighty God hath said—
Thou shalt not murder! Love thine enemies!
Spare the vanquish'd! then, when life is o'er,
To mansions where yon shining orb abides,
With all the brave and merciful, your souls
Shall live for ever! Now, oh! warrior! check
That fierce and deadly wrath, and dwell with those
High in yon heavens, who suffer'd and forgave."

In the mean time Alfred, proceeding to join his troops in Selwood forest, meets with a band of Saxons flying into Wales, whom he thus nobly addresses—

You fought for liberty! you fought to save
All that is dear in life—your peaceful homes,
Your helpless sires, your wives, your innocents;
And not for these alone, but distant heirs,
For generations yet unborn, the race
Of future Saxons, down to farthest time!

This speech had the desired effect, and they returned to victory!

Sigbert, who had been sent back by Guthrum with a threatening message to Alfred, reaches the monarch; gives him a string of pearls from Alswitha, whom the Danish general took along with

him; the king was overwhelmed with astonishment. In the mean time Sigbert stood

Whilst twenty times the crow might flap his wings,
Silent, in wild amazement!

Coelric, the neatherd, also returns from Kenwith castle, and gave such intelligence, that Alfred was determined to relieve Oddune, who was there besieged. Sigbert, however, vented his rage in a manner which led the king to admonish him with a just severity—

In strange amaze, Sigbert look'd up and cried,
"With deep conviction do thy words come here!
I *cannot* wield a sword, and still retain
The spirit heaven approves, yet do I feel
Hatred so deeply fix'd, and in my heart
Such cravings, not to be subdued by words,
That I *must* grasp the sword!"

Alfred replied—

"I hear thy resolution! I have well
Discharg'd my conscience. Now I will appoint
Station of trust, where thou may'st hence display
Due courage, and promote thy country's weal.
Forth for the march prepare! The hour draws on
When Denmark's fleet shall stream with Britain's fires!

In the next book, the Danish fleet is burnt; but the women are saved. This latter is highly honourable to their humanity.

In the two next books, the *eleventh* and *twelfth*, events take place calculated to interest our feelings. For Oddune escapes from Kenwith castle, and arrives at Selwood Forest. In his return he meets with the corse of a poor man, who had been murdered; he thus describes his character—

——I knew him well!
Beside my castle stood his cot, the seat

Of many comforts; and, tho' poor and low,
He lov'd it, and was happy. When the storm
The accustom'd chace forbade, I lov'd to stray,
To this low cottage, where I learn'd that man
Look'd not to wealth for peace and happiness.
The mother at her spinning-wheel was there,
And round her elder children, who, like her,
Earn'd well their bread. And when the hour of eve
Came on, the father from his distant toil
Returning, met his rosy child, who stood
At the accustom'd stile to see his sire
Draw nigh, that ever with his arms embrac'd,
And bore him to his lowly dwelling near,
Where, as he enter'd, the fond smile arose
Spontaneous on each brow. Then would he taste
The frugal meal, or, holding on each knee
A prattling infant, toy awhile, or tell
Some tale, that made their little eyes look up
In childhood's wonderment!

The twelfth book is chiefly remarkable for three things—the disappointment of the Danes in finding the Saxons escaped from Kenwith castle—the cruel death of Ella—and, the quarrel between Hubba and Guthrum, by which the Danish forces are first weakened and then destroyed. Of the death of Ella, take the following account. Ella was king of Northumberland, and by him the father of Ivar and Hubba had been killed. This called for revenge—and the Danes therefore put Ella to death, by carving the eagle on his back; a common punishment among them:—

"Seize him, and bind him to yon tree! there carve
Upon his naked back the eagle's form,
Whilst we will gaze exulting."
———To the tree
The wretched ELLA now is bound! With joy,
And wielding their huge knives, two men approach

And from the neck downward the long gash draw,
Then 'neath the shoulders, either side extend
The goary weapon, and, with straining hand,
Rend the tough skin, till o'er each elbow wide
The flaps are spread! when to the gazing eye
The red nerve quivers!
———Silent, this agony
ELLA had long endur'd, when IVAR cried—
"Now let him die! HUBBA, thy lance prepare!
Transfix his heart!" Hubba his lance uprais'd,
And, stepping forward, pois'd the weapon well,
Then hurl'd it furious! Thro' the sufferer's heart
It forc'd its way, and each of all around,
Rais'd the loud shout, as ELLA groan'd and died.

We have made this extract because it shews the brutality of those enemies with whom the immortal ALFRED had to combat. *His* was an arduous struggle, but we shall behold him in due time crown'd with VICTORY.

LIFE OF

MRS. ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 41.)

IN our last number we left Mrs. Robinson describing the melancholy fate of her late governess, and now proceed to present our readers with an account of the first interview which took place between her, and the father of Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Robinson, finding my mother inexorable, resolved on setting out for Wales, in order to avow our marriage and to present me to his *uncle*, for such he still obstinately denominated his father. My mother wished to avail herself of this opportunity to visit her friends at Bristol, and accordingly we set out on the journey; we passed through Oxford, visited the different colleges; proceeded to Blenheim, and made the *tour*, a tour of pleasure;

with the hope of soothing my mother's resentment, and exhilarating my spirits, which were now perpetually dejected. I cannot help mentioning that shortly after my marriage I formed an acquaintance with a young lady, whose mind was no less romantic than my own; and while Mr. Robinson was occupied at Chambers, we almost daily passed our morning hours in Westminster Abbey. It was to me a soothing and a gratifying scene of meditation. —I have often remained in the gloomy chapels of that sublime fabric, till I became as it were an inhabitant of another world. The dim light of the Gothic windows, the vibration of my footsteps along the lofty aisles, the train of reflections that the scene inspired, were all suited to the temper of my soul: and the melancholy propensities of my earliest infancy seemed to revive with an instinctive energy, which rendered them the leading characteristics of my existence. Indeed the world has mistaken the character of my mind; I have ever been the reverse of volatile and dissipated; I mean not to write my own eulogy; though, with the candid and sensitive mind, I shall I trust succeed in my vindication.

On our arrival at Bristol, Mr. Robinson thought it most adviseable to proceed towards Tregunter, the seat of his *uncle*, alone, in order to prepare him for my cordial reception, or to avoid the mortification I should experience, should he refuse to sanction our union. Mr. Robinson left me a few guineas, and promised that his absence should be short and his affection increasing.

I had now been married near four months: and, though love was not the basis of my fidelity, honour, and a refined sense of feminine rectitude, attached me to the interest as well as to the person of my husband. I considered chastity as the brightest ornament that could embellish the female mind;

and I regulated my conduct to that tenour which has principle more than affection to strengthen its progress.

At Bristol my mother experienced the most gratifying reception: all her former friends rejoiced to see her; I was invited daily to feasts of hospitality, and I found that fortune was, to common minds, a never-failing passport. Mr. Robinson was represented as a young man of considerable expectations, and his wife was consequently again received as the daughter of Mr. Darby. The house in which I first opened my eyes to this world of sorrow, the minster, its green, the school house where I had passed many days, the tomb of my lost relatives in the church of St. Augustine, were all visited by me with a sweet and melancholy interest. But the cathedral, the brass eagle in the middle aisle, under which, when an infant, I used to sit and join in the loud anthem or chaunt the morning service, most sensibly attached me. I longed again to occupy my place beneath its expanding wings, and once I went, before the service began, to gratify my inclination.

Language cannot describe the sort of sensation which I felt, when I heard the well-known, long-remembered organ, flinging its loud peal through the Gothic structure. I hastened to the cloisters. The nursery windows were dim, and shattered; the house was sinking to decay. The mouldering walk was gloomy, and my spirits were depressed beyond description:—I stood alone, rapt in meditation: "Here," said I, "did my infant feet pace to and fro;" here, did I climb the long stone bench, and swiftly measure it, at the peril of my safety. On those dark and winding steps, did I sit and listen to the fulltoned organ, the loud anthem, and the bell, which called the parishioners to prayer." I entered the cathedral once more; I read and re-read the monumental inscriptions: I paused upon the

grave of Powel; I dropped a tear on the small square ground tablet which bore the name of Evelyn*. Ah! how little has the misjudging world known of what has passed in my mind, even in the apparently gayest moments of my existence! How much have I regretted that ever I was born, even when I have been surrounded with all that could gratify the vanity of woman!

Mr. Robinson on his arrival at Tregunter dispatched a letter informing me that his *uncle* seemed disposed to act handsomely, but that he had only ventured to avow an intention to marry, fearful of abruptly declaring that he had been already some months a husband. Mr. Harris, for that was the name of my father-in-law, replied, that "he hoped the object of his choice was not *too young!*" At this question Mr. Robinson was somewhat disconcerted. —"A young wife," continued Mr. Harris, "cannot mend a man's fortune: How old is the girl you have chosen?"

"She is nearly seventeen!"

I was then only fifteen and a few months.

"I hope she is not handsome," was the second observation. "You say she is not rich; and beauty, without money, is but a dangerous sort of portion."

"Will you see her?"

"I have no objection," said Mr. Harris.

"She is now with her mother at Bristol—for," continued Mr. Robinson, with some hesitation, "*she is my wife.*"

Mr. Harris paused, and then replied, "Well! stay with me only a few days, and then you shall fetch her. If the thing is done, it cannot be undone. She is a gentlewoman, you say, and I can have no reason to refuse seeing her."

The same letter which contained this intelligence,

* A friend of our family.

also requested me to prepare for my journey; and desired me to write to a person whom Mr. Robinson named in London, and whom I had seen in his company, for a sum of money which would be necessary for our journey. This person was Mr. John King, then a money-broker in Goodman's-Fields; but I was an entire stranger to the transaction which rendered him the temporary source of my husband's finances.

One or two letters passed on this subject, and I waited anxiously for my presentation at Tregunter. At length the period of Mr. Robinson's return arrived, and we set out together, while my mother remained with her friends at Bristol. Crossing the Old Passage to Chepstow in an open boat, a distance though not extended extremely perilous, we found the tide so strong, and the night so boisterous, that we were apprehensive of much danger. The rain poured and the wind blew tempestuously. The boat was full of passengers, and at one end of it were placed a drove of oxen. My terror was infinite:—I considered this storm as an ill omen; but little thought that, at future periods of my life, I should have cause to regret that *I had not perished!*

During our journey Robinson entreated me to overlook any thing harsh that might appear in the manners of his *uncle*; for he still denied that Mr. Harris was his father. But, above all things, he conjured me to conceal my real age, and to say that I was some years older than he knew me to be. To this proposal I readily consented, and I felt myself firm in courage at the moment when we came within sight of Tregunter.

Mr. Harris was then building the family mansion, and resided in a pretty little decorated cottage which was afterwards converted into domestic offices. We passed through a thick wood, the mountains at every brake meeting our eyes covered with thin clouds,

and rising in a sublime altitude above the valley. A more romantic space of scenery never met the human eye!—I felt my mind inspired with a pensive melancholy, and was only awakened from my reverie by the post-boy stopping at the mansion of Tregunter.

Mr. Harris came out to receive me. I wore a dark claret-coloured riding-habit, with a white beaver hat and feathers. He embraced me with excessive cordiality, while Miss Robinson, my husband's sister, with cold formality led me into the house. I never shall forget her looks or her manner. Had her brother presented the most abject being to her, she could not have taken my hand with a more frigid demeanour. Miss Robinson, though not more than twenty years of age, was Gothic in her appearance and stiff in her deportment; she was of low stature, and clumsy, with a countenance peculiarly formed for the expression of sarcastic vulgarity—a short snub nose, turned up at the point, a head thrown back with an air of *hauteur*; a gaudy-coloured chintz gown, a thrice bordered cap, with a profusion of ribbons, and a countenance somewhat more ruddy than was consistent with even pure health, presented the personage whom I was to know as my future companion and kinswoman!

Mr. Harris looked like a venerable HAWTHORN; a brown fustian coat, a scarlet waistcoat edged with narrow gold, a pair of woollen spatter-dashes, and a gold laced hat, formed the dress he generally wore. He always rode a small Welch pony, and was seldom in the house excepting at eating-time, from sun-rise to the close of evening.

There was yet another personage in the domestic establishment, who was by Mr. Harris regarded as of no small importance: this was a venerable housekeeper of the name of Mary Edwards. Mrs. Molly was the female Mentor of the family; she dined at

the table with Mr. Harris; she was the governess of the domestic department; and a more overbearing, vindictive spirit never inhabited the heart of mortal than that which pervaded the soul of the ill-natured Mrs. Molly.

It may easily be conjectured that my time passed heavily in this uninteresting circle. I was condemned either to drink ale with "the 'Squire," for Mr. Harris was only spoken of by that title, or to visit the methodistical seminary which Lady Huntingdon had established at Trevecca, another mansion-house on the estate of Mr. Harris. Miss Robinson was of this sect; and though Mr. Harris was not a disciple of the Huntingdonian School, he was a constant church visitor on every Sunday. His zeal was indefatigable; and he would frequently fine the rustics, (for he was a justice of the peace, and had been sheriff of the county, (when he heard them swear, though every third sentence he uttered was attended by an oath that made his hearers shudder.

I soon became a considerable favourite of "the *'Squire*," but I did not find any yielding qualities about the hearts of Miss Betsy or Mrs. Molly. They observed me with jealous eyes; they considered me as an interloper, whose manners attracted Mr. Harris's esteem, and who was likely to diminish their divided influence in the family. I found them daily growing weary of my society; I perceived their side-long glances when I was complimented by the visiting neighbours on my good looks, or taste in the choice of my dresses. Miss Robinson rode on horseback in a camlet safe-guard, with a high crowned bonnet. I wore a fashionable habit, and looked like something human. Envy at length assumed the form of insolence, and I was taunted perpetually on the folly of appearing like a woman of fortune;—that a lawyer's wife had no right to dress like a duchess; and that, though I might be

very accomplished, a good housewife had no occasion for harpsichords and books; they belonged to women who brought wherewithal to support them. Such was the language of vulgar illiberal natures! yet for three weeks I endured it patiently.

Knowing that Mr. Harris was disposed to think favourably of me—that he even declared he should "have liked me for his wife, had I not *married Tom*," though he was then between sixty and seventy years of age, I thought it most prudent to depart, lest through the machinations of Miss Betsy and Mrs. Molly I should lose the share I had gained in his affections. My mother was still at Bristol; and the morning of our departure being arrived, to my infinite astonishment, Mr. Harris proposed accompanying us thither. It was in vain that Molly and Miss interfered to prevent him; he swore that he would see me safe across the Channel, whatever might be the consequence of his journey. We set out together.

On our arrival at Bristol Mr. Harris was presented to my mother, and by her introduced to many respectable friends. He was consequently invited to several dinner parties. I was his idol; he would dance with me; when he had taken the evening draught he would sing with me, and I was to him the most delightful of beings. Many embellishments for Tregunter-house were submitted to my taste and choice; and I remember, on his giving orders for the marble chimney-peces, he said, "Choose them as you like them, Mrs. Robinson, for they are all for you and Tom when I am no more." Indeed he frequently assured me, while I was at Tregunter, that the estate should be my husband's.

After passing many days at Bristol Mr. Harris returned to Wales, and our party set out for London. Mr. Robinson's mind was easy, and his hopes were

confirmed by the kindness of his uncle; he now considered himself as the most happy of mortals. We removed from Great Queen-street, to a house, No. 13, in Hatton-garden, which had been recently built. Mr. Robinson hired it, and furnished it with peculiar elegance. I frequently inquired into the extent of his finances, and he as often assured me that they were in every respect competent to his expences. In addition to our domestic establishment, Mr. Robinson purchased a handsome phaeton, with saddle horses for his own use: and I now made my *début*, though scarcely emerged beyond the boundaries of childhood, in the broad hemisphere of fashionable folly.

MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS.

By the Duke de la Rochefoucault.

(Continued from Page 347.)

CLEMENCY.

50. THE clemency of princes is often but a stroke of policy to gain the affections of their subjects.

51. That clemency we make a virtue of proceeds sometimes from vanity, sometimes from indolence, often from fear, and almost always from a mixture of all three.

CONDUCT.

52. That conduct often seems ridiculous, the secret reasons of which are wise and solid.

53. A man often imagines he acts, when he is acted upon; and while his mind aims at one thing, his heart insensibly gravitates towards another.

CONFIDENCE.

54. Confidence has a greater share in conversation than wit.

55. The desire of being pitied or admired, is commonly the true reason of our confidence.

56. Nothing flatters our pride more than the confidence of the great, because we look on it as the effect of our merit; not reflecting that it proceeds most frequently from their vanity, or inability to keep a secret; so that confidence is sometimes, as it were, the relief of the mind, which wants to ease itself of an oppressive load.

CONSTANCY.

57. The constancy of the wise is only the art of keeping their disquietudes to themselves.

58. We all bear the misfortunes of other people with an heroic constancy.

59. Criminals who are executed affect sometimes a constancy, and contempt of death, which is in fact nothing more than the fear of looking on it: so that their constancy may be said to be to the mind, what the fillet is to their eyes.

60. Constancy in love is perpetual inconstancy: it attaches us successively to all the good qualities of the person beloved, giving sometimes the preference to one, sometimes to another: so that this constancy is no more than inconstancy confined to one object.

61. In love there are two sorts of constancy: one arises from our continually finding in the beloved object fresh m tives to love; and the other proceeds from our making it a point of honour to be constant.

62. In misfortunes we often mistake dejection for constancy; and we bear them, without daring to look on them; as cowards suffer themselves to be killed without resistance.

CONTEMPT.

63. We sometimes condemn the present by praising the past; and shew our contempt of what now is, by our esteem for what is no more.

64. None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

CONVERSATION.

65. One reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any person who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him. Even those who have the most address and politeness think they do enough if they only seem to be attentive; at the same time that one might perceive in their eyes and their minds a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves were saying; not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves is but a poor way to please or convince others; and that to hear patiently, and answer precisely, are the great perfections of conversation.

COPIES.

66. The only good copies are those which point out the ridicule of bad originals.

COQUETRY.

67. It is a sort of coquetry, to boast that we never coquet.

68. All women are coquets, though all women do not practise coquetry; some are restrained by fear, others by reason.

69. Women are not aware of the extent of their coquetry.

70. Women find it more difficult to get the better of their coquetry than of their love.

71. The greatest miracle of love is the reformation of a coquet.

72. We are always afraid of appearing before the person we love when we have been coqueting elsewhere.

73. Coquets take a pride in appearing to be jea-

lous of their lovers, in order to conceal their being envious of other women.

CRIMES.

74. There are crimes which become innocent, and even glorious, through their splendour, number, and excess. Hence it is that public theft is called address; and to seize on provinces unjustly, to make conquests.

75. We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves.

76. There are people of whom we never believe ill till we see it; but there are none in whom we ought to be surprised to see it.

77. Those who are themselves incapable of great crimes, do not readily suspect others of them.

CUNNING.

78. The greatest of all cunning is, to appear blind to the snares laid for us; men being never so easily deceived as while they are endeavouring to deceive others.

79. Those who have most cunning always affect to condemn cunning, that they may make use of it on some great occasion, and to some great end.

80. The common practice of cunning is a sign of a small genius: it almost always happens that those who use it to cover themselves in one place, lay themselves open in another.

81. Cunning and treachery proceed from want of capacity.

82. The sure way to be cheated is, to fancy ourselves more cunning than others.

83. The reason we are angry with those who trick us is, because they appear to have more wit than ourselves.

84. One man may be more cunning than another, but not more cunning than all the world.

85. Those who are deceived by our cunning do

not appear near so ridiculous to us, as we seem to ourselves when deceived by the cunning of others.

CURIOSITY.

86. There are two kinds of curiosity: one arises from interest, which makes us desirous to learn what may be useful to us; the other from pride, which makes us desirous to know what others are ignorant of.

DEATH.

87. Few people are well acquainted with death. It is generally submitted to through stupidity and custom, not resolution; and most men die merely because they cannot help it.

88. Death and the sun cannot be looked at steadily.

89. After having spoken of the falsity of seeming virtues, it is proper to say something about the falsity of the contempt of death: I mean that contempt of death which the heathens boasted to derive from their natural strength, unsupported by the hopes of a better life. There is a wide difference between suffering death courageously, and contemning it; the one is common enough; but the other, I believe, never sincere. Every thing nevertheless has been written that can persuade us that death is no evil; and some of the weakest as well as the greatest of men have given numerous celebrated examples in confirmation of this tenet. Yet I doubt whether any person of good sense ever believed it; and the pains we take to persuade ourselves and others of it, plainly evince that it is no easy task. A man may, for many reasons, be disgusted with life; but he can have no reason for contemning death. Even suicides esteem it no slight matter, and are as much startled at it, and decline it as much as other people, when it comes in any other shape than that they have chosen. The remark-

able inequality in the courage of many valiant men proceeds from death's appearing differently to their imaginations, and seeming more instant at one time than another. By these means it happens, that after having contemned what they did not know, they are at last afraid of what they do know. We must avoid considering death in all its circumstances, if we would not think it the greatest of all ills. The wisest and bravest are those who make the handsomest pretences for not considering it at all; for every one that views it in its proper light will find it sufficiently terrible. The necessity of dying made the whole of philosophic fortitude. The philosophers thought it best to do that with a good grace which they could not avoid doing; and, being unable to make themselves immortal, they did all they could to immortalize their reputations, and save what they might out of the general wreck. To be able to put a good face on the matter, let us by no means discover even to ourselves all we think about it; let us trust rather to our constitutions, than to those vain reasonings which make us believe we can approach death with indifference. The glory of dying resolutely, the hopes of being regretted, the desire of leaving a fair reputation, the assurance of being delivered from the miseries of life, and freed from the caprice of fortune, are alleviating reflections, not to be rejected: but we must by no means imagine them infallible. They serve indeed to embolden us, just as in war a poor hedge emboldens the soldiers to approach a place from which they are fired on. While at a distance, they believe it may shelter them; but when they come up, they experience it to be but a poor defence. We flatter ourselves too much in fancy, that death, when near, will appear what we judged it to be when distant; and that our opinions, which are weakness itself, will be firm enough not to give way on this severest

of all trials. We must be also but ill acquainted with the effects of self-love, to imagine that will permit us to think lightly of an action which must necessarily be its destruction. Reason, too, from whom we expect such mighty assistance, is, on this occasion, not able to make us believe what we wish to find true. On the contrary, it is she who generally betrays us; and instead of inspiring a contempt of death, helps us only to discover its horrors. Indeed all she can do for us is, to advise us to avert our eyes, and fix them on some other object. Cato and Brutus chose noble ones. A footman, some time since, amused himself with dancing upon the scaffold he was going to be broken on. Thus different motives sometimes produce the same effect. And so true it is, that whatever disproportion there may be between the Great and the Vulgar, we often see them meet death with the same coutenance: there is always this difference, however, that the contempt of death shewn by heroes is owing to their love of glory, which hides it from their sight; while in common people it proceeds merely from their want of sensibility, which prevents their being aware of the greatness of the evil, and leaves them at liberty to think of something else.

DECEIT.

90. We cannot bear to be deceived by our enemies, and betrayed by our friends; yet are we often content to be served so by ourselves.

91. It is as easy to deceive ourselves without *our* perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without *their* perceiving it.

92. A resolution never to deceive, exposes a man to be deceived himself.

93. Dulness is sometimes a sufficient security against the attack of an artful man.

94. He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies

the world cannot do without him, is still more mistaken.

95. In love, the deceit almost always outstrips the distrust.

96. We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived, than in being undeceived by those we love.

97. When our friends have deceived us, we have a right to be indifferent to their professions of friendship; yet we ought always to retain a sensibility for their misfortunes.

DECENCY.

98. Decency is the least of all laws, but the most strictly observed.

DESIRE.

99. It is much easier to suppress a first desire than to satisfy those that follow it.

100. Before we passionately wish for any thing, we should examine into the happiness of its possesor.

101. We should never passionately desire any thing, if we were perfectly acquainted with the object of our desire.

DISGUISE.

102. If we took as much pains to *be* what we ought as we do to disguise what we *are*, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

103. We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves.

104. Some disguised falsehoods are so like truths, that it would be judging ill not to be deceived by them.

(To be continued.)

Epitome of Natural History.

No. X.

THE RABBIT.

THE ears of the rabbit are almost naked. The colour of its fur, in a wild state, is brown: its tail black above, and white beneath. In a tame state, it varies to black, pied, and quite white. Of these last, the eyes are of a fine red. It inhabits, in a wild state, the temperate and the warm parts of Europe, and even the hottest parts of Asia and of Africa. It is not originally British, but succeeds here admirably well. It will not live in Sweden, and the northern countries, except it be kept in houses. Strabo tells us, that they were imported into Italy from Spain. They are not natives of the western hemisphere, but have been carried thither, and increase greatly in South America. They are exceedingly prolific: they breed seven times in a year, and produce eight young at a time. If we suppose this to happen regularly, one pair may produce in four years the amazing number of 1,274,840. They are still more prolific than the common hare. These two species, though similar, never intermix. Rabbits pair, and are said to be faithful to their mates. They live to the age of eight or nine years. A French gentleman, who amused himself long with rearing rabbits, and observing their manners, remarked, that the offspring paid great deference to their first father. Upon a call, which they were accustomed to obey, he always put himself at their head, and arrived first. He then stood at the mouth of their hole till they had all gone in. In warrens, they keep in their holes during the middle of the day, and come out

in the morning and evening to feed. The males are apt to destroy the young; but their holes protect them from those enemies that destroy such vast numbers of young hares. Their skins are a great article of commerce; vast numbers of them are exported to China: their fur, like that of the other hares, is of great use in the hat manufacture.

The Angora rabbit, like the goat and cat of the same place, is remarkable for its hair, which is long, waved, and of a silky fineness.

The hooded rabbit is another variety still more singular. It has a double skin over its back, into which it can withdraw its head; and another under its throat, into which it can with-draw its fore-feet. It has small holes in the loose skin on its back, to admit light to its eyes when its head is covered. Its body is ash-coloured: its head and ears brown. It is preserved in the museum, inscribed "A Russian Rabbit;" but Mr. Pennant says it is unknown in that empire.

THE BAIKAL HARE.

The tail of the Baikal hare is longer than that of the rabbit; in the male, the ears are longer in proportion than those of the *varying* hare: its fur is of the same colour with that of the common hare. It is red about the neck and feet. Its tail is black above, and white beneath. Its size is between that of the common, and that of the varying hare. The name here given it, marks its country. It extends from the lake Baikal as far as Thibet. The Tanguts call it Rangwa, and consecrate it to the spots of the moon. It agrees with the common rabbit in the colour of its flesh; but does not burrow. When pursued, it runs for shelter straight to the holes of the rocks, without any circuitous doublings, like those of the common hare; so that it agrees in nature, neither with the hare nor the rabbit. The

Mongols call it Tolai. Its fur is bad, and is of no use in commerce.

THE CAPE HARE.

The long ears of the Cape hare are dilated in the middle. On the outside they are naked, and of a rose colour: their inside and edges are covered with short grey hairs. Its crown and back are dusky, mixed with tawny: its cheeks and sides ash-coloured: its breast, belly, and legs, rust-coloured. Its tail, which it carries upwards, is of a pale ferruginous colour. It is of the size of a rabbit, and inhabits the country for three days march north of the Cape of Good Hope. It is there called the Mountain Hare; for it lives only in the rocky mountains, and does not burrow. It is difficult to shoot it, as, on the sight of any one, it instantly runs into the fissures of the rocks. The same species probably extends as high as Senegal.

Allied to this, seems the *vischachas*, mentioned by Acosta and Feuillee, in their accounts of Peru. They compare them to hares or rabbits, and say, that they inhabit the colder parts of the country; that their hair is very soft, and of a mouse colour; that the tail is pretty long, and turned up; that the ears and whiskers are like those of the common rabbit. In the time of the Incas, their hair was spun, and wove into cloth, which was so fine, as to be used only by the nobility.

We come to the second class of hares, those *without tails*.

THE BRAZILIAN HARE.

The Brazilian hare, like the common kind, has very large ears, and a white ring round its neck. Its face is of a reddish colour; its chin is white; its eyes are black; and its colour like that of the common hare, only a little darker. Its belly is whitish. It has no tail; and some want the ring

round the neck. They live in the woods; and are very prolific; and are reckoned very good meat. They do not burrow. They are found both in Brazil and in Mexico, where they are called Citli.

THE ALPINE HARE.

The Alpine hare has short brown rounded ears, a long head, and very long whiskers, with two very long hairs above each eye. Its fur is ferruginous, tipt with white, and intermixed with several long dusky hairs; but, at the first look, the whole animal seems of a bright bay. It is only about nine inches long. They are first seen on the Altaic Chain, and extend to lake Baikal in Tartary, and from thence to Kamschatka and the Fox Isles. They inhabit always the middle region of the snowy mountains, in the roughest places, wooded, and abounding with herbs and moisture. They sometimes burrow; but are more frequently found in crevices between the rocks, in pairs, or more, according to conveniency. In cloudy weather they assemble and lie on the rocks, and emit a sound, so like that of a sparrow, as to deceive the hearer. On the report of a gun, they run into their holes; but soon come out again, supposing it to be a clap of thunder, to which they are so much used in their lofty habitations. By wonderful instinct, they make a provision against the rigorous season in their inclement seats. Towards autumn, a company of them collect vast heaps of choice herbs and grasses, nicely dried, which they place either beneath the overhanging rocks, or in the chasms, or round the trunk of some tree. The way to these heaps is marked by a worn path. The heaps are formed like conoid ricks of hay, and are of various sizes, according to the number of the society employed in forming them. They are sometimes of a man's

height, and many feet in diameter, but usually about three feet.

Thus they wisely provide their winter's stock, otherwise they must perish, being prevented by the depth of the snow from quitting their retreats in quest of food.

They select the best of vegetables; and crop them when in the fullest vigour. These they make into the best and greenest hay, by the judicious manner in which they dry them. These ricks too are the origin of fertility amidst the rocks; for their remains, mixed with the dung of the animals, rotted, in the otherwise barren chasm, creates a soil productive of vegetables.

These ricks are also of great service to those men who devote themselves to the laborious employment of sable hunting. Being obliged to go far from home, their horses would often perish for want, if not supported by the provisions of these industrious little animals. The people of Jakutz are said to feed both their horses and cattle with the reliques of the winter stock of these hares. Such supply may be serviceable to some in the spring, when their own stock is exhausted; but, should they depend solely on these feeble mountaineers, they would deserve to lose both horses and cattle every hard winter.

These hares are neglected as food by man; but they are the prey of sables, and of the Siberian weasel, which are joint inhabitants of the same mountains. They are likewise greatly infested by a sort of gadfly, which, in August and September, lodges its eggs in their skin, which often proves fatal to these feeble and defenceless, though industrious creatures.

THE OGOTONA HARE.

The Ogotona hare has long oblong oval ears, a little rounded; shorter whiskers than the former

species; fur long and smooth; light grey in the middle; white at the ends, intermixed with a few dusky hairs; with a yellowish spot on the nose; and a space about the rump of the same colour. Its limbs also are yellowish on the outsides, and its belly white. It is only about six inches long. The male weighs from six ounces and a half, to seven and a quarter; the female, from four to four and three quarters. It inhabits the same countries as the Alpine hare, and lives in the open vallies, and on gravelly or rocky naked mountains, under heaps of stones; but in a sandy soil they burrow, leaving two or three entrances. Their holes run obliquely: in these they make their nests of short grass. They wander out chiefly in the night. Their voice is excessively shrill, in a note like that of a sparrow, twice or thrice repeated, but very easily to be distinguished from that of the Alpine hare. They are fond of the bark of a sort of *service* tree, and of the dwarf elm. Before the approach of severe cold, they collect great quantities of herbs, and fill their holes with them. Directed by the same instinct as the former species, they form, in autumn, their ricks of hay, of a hemispherical form, about a foot high and wide. In the spring these elegant heaps disappear. They copulate in the spring. About the latter end of June their young are observed to be full grown. They are the prey of hawks, magpies and owls; but the cat *manul* makes the greatest havock among them. The ermine and fitchet are equally their enemies.

THE CALLING HARE.

This species, called by the Tartars Ittsitskan, or the *barking mouse*, has a longer head in proportion to its size, which is very diminutive, than is usual with hares. The head is thickly covered with fur, even to the tip of the nose. It has large whiskers;

its ears are large and rounded; its legs are very short; and its soles are furred beneath. Its whole coat is very long, soft and smooth; with a thick long fine down beneath, of a brownish lead colour. The hair is of the same colour, of a light grey towards the ends, and tipt with black. The lower parts of the body are hoary: the sides and ends of the fur are yellowish. Its length is about six inches: its weight from three ounces and a quarter to four and a half. In winter they are scarcely two and a half. They inhabit the south-east parts of Russia; but are found no where, in the east, beyond the river Oby. They delight in sunny vallies, and hills covered with herbs, especially those near the edges of woods, to which they run on any alarm. They live so concealed a life, as very rarely to be seen; but are often taken in winter in the snares laid for the ermines. They choose, for their burrows, a dry spot, amidst bushes, covered with a firm sod, preferring the western sides of the hills. Their place would scarcely be known, but for their excrements; and even those they drop, by a wise instinct, under some bush, lest their dwelling should be discovered by their enemies among the animal creation.

It is their voice alone that betrays their abode. Their cry is like the piping of a quail, but deeper; and so loud, as to be heard at the distance of half a German mile. It is repeated, by just intervals, thrice, four times, and often six. This cry is emitted at night, and in the morning; but seldom in the day, except in rainy or cloudy weather. It is common to both sexes; but the female is silent for some time after parturition, which happens about the beginning of May. She brings forth six at a time, blind and naked: she suckles them often, and covers them carefully with the materials of her nest.

These most harmless and inoffensive creatures never go far from their holes. They feed, and make their little excursions by night; drink often, sleep little, and are easily made tame. They will scarcely bite when handled; yet the males have been observed, when in confinement, to attack each other, and to express their anger by a grunting noise.

ON THE BUSTARD.

By a Correspondent.

NATURAL history has peculiar claims to our attention and investigation. Every reflecting mind must be interested in tracing the instincts and peculiar characteristics of the animal creation: and by contemplating the *effect* of nature's laws, will discover the *cause* to be infinite wisdom.

In addition to what was said of the bustard, page 338, &c. of your last volume, permit me to make the following extract from the *Beauties of Wiltshire*:—"This very singular animal is one of the largest of our native land birds: it has been known to weigh thirty pounds, and to measure four feet in length. It was formerly *very numerous* * on Salisbury Plain, but the murdering tribe of the sportsman, and pilfering hand of the shepherd, have nearly exterminated the species. An insignificant and tiny partridge is protected by the laws of the land, whilst this large and noble bird is allowed to be sacrificed by any murdering ignorant clown, who has cunning enough to surprise him. For, happily, nature has taught him to shun the walks of man, as the *most wanton*, I grant in the creation. Mr. Gilpin, speaking of the bustard,

* Some of the old leases of farms on the plains, contain a clause, that the tenant shall provide the landlord with a bustard annually.

says—" his own vigilance is a better security to him than an act of parliament; as he is so noble a prize, the flesh so delicate, and the quantity of it so large, he is of course frequently the object of the fowler's stratagem." Mr. G. particularizes some of these, and places implicit confidence in the common, but *erroneous opinion*, that the bustard may often be caught with greyhounds *before he can rise from the greyhound*, as he performs the ceremony with *great difficulty*. In the summer of 1800, I saw two on Salisbury Plain, near the village of Tilshead; and amused myself for ten minutes by looking at and examining them, through a telescope. I approached them within eighty yards, when they *sprang immediately from the ground*."

FORESTER, A PRINTER,

[From Moral Tales, by Miss Edgeworth.]

BEFORE we commence this extract, we shall give our readers the author's own description of the character before us.

" Forester," says she, " is the picture of an eccentric character—a young man, who scorns the common forms and dependencies of civilized society; and who, full of visionary schemes of benevolence and happiness, might, by improper management, or unlucky circumstances, have become a fanatic and a criminal."

The generous and enthusiastic imagination of Forester supplied him with eloquent invectives against human nature, even whilst he ardently desired to serve his fellow creatures. He wandered through the streets of Edinburgh, indulging himself alternately in misanthropic reflections and benevolent projects. One instant, he resolved to study the law, that he might reform the revenue laws; the next moment, he recollected his old pas-

sion for a desert island; and he regretted, that he could not be shipwrecked in Edinburgh.

The sound of a squeaking fiddle roused Forester from his reverie; he looked up, and saw a thin, pale man, fiddling to a set of dancing dogs, that he was exhibiting upon the flags for the amusement of a crowd of men, women, and children. It was a deplorable spectacle; the dogs appeared so wretched, in the midst of the merriment of the spectators, that Forester's compassion was moved, and he exclaimed—

"Enough, enough!—They are quite tired; here are some halfpence!"

The showman took the halfpence; but several fresh spectators were yet to see the sight; and though the exhausted animals were but little inclined to perform their antic feats, their master twitched the rope, that was fastened round their necks, so violently, that they were compelled to renew their melancholy dance.

Forester darted forward, stopped the fidler's hand, and began an expostulation; not one word of which was understood by the person to whom it was addressed. A stout lad, who was very impatient at this interruption of his diversion, began to abuse Forester, and presently from words he proceeded to blows.

Forester, though a better orator, was by no means so able a boxer as his opponent. The battle was obstinately fought on both sides; but, at length, our young Quixote received what has no name in heroic language, but in the vulgar tongue is called a black eye; and, covered with blood and bruises, he was carried by some humane passenger into a neighbouring house. It was a printer and bookseller's shop. The bookseller treated him with humanity; and, after advising him not to be so hastily engaged, to be the champion of dancing

dogs, inquired who he was, and whether he had any friends in Edinburgh, to whom he could send.

This printer, from having been accustomed to converse with variety of people, was a good judge of the language of gentlemen; and though there was nothing else in Forester's manners, which could have betrayed him, he spoke in such good language, that the bookseller was certain, that he had received a liberal education.

Our hero declined telling his history; but the printer was so well pleased with his conversation, that he readily agreed to give him employment; and, as soon as he recovered from his bruises, Forester was eager to learn the art of printing.

"The art of printing," said he, "has emancipated mankind, and printers ought to be considered as the most respectable benefactors of the human race."

Always warm in his admiration of every new phantom, that struck his imagination, he was now persuaded that printers devils were angels, and that he should be supremely blessed in a printer's workshop.

"What employment so noble!" said he, as he first took the composing-stick in his hand; "what employment so noble, as that of disseminating knowledge over the universe!"

It was some time before our hero acquired dexterity in his new trade: his companions formed, with amazing celerity, whole sentences, whilst he was searching for letters, which perpetually dropped from his awkward hands; but he was ashamed of his former versatility, and he resolved to be steady to his present way of life.—His situation, at this printer's, was far better suited to him, than that which he had quitted with so much disgust, at the brewer's. He rose early; and, by great industry, overcame all the difficulties, which at first so much alarmed him. He soon became the most useful

apprentice in the office. His diligence and good behaviour recommended him to his master's employers. Whenever any work was brought, Forester was sent for. This occasioned him to be much in the shop, where he heard the conversation of many ingenious men, who frequented it; and he spent his evenings in reading. His understanding had been of late uncultivated; but the fresh seeds, that were now profusely scattered upon the vigorous soil, took root, and flourished.

Forester was just at that time of life, when opinions are valued for being *new*; he heard varieties of the most contradictory assertions, in morals, in medicine, in politics. It is a great advantage to a young man, to hear opposite arguments; to hear all that can be said upon every subject.

Forester no longer obstinately adhered to the set of notions, which he had acquired from his education: he heard many, whom he could not think his inferiors in abilities, debating questions, which he formerly imagined scarcely admitted of philosophic doubt. His mind became more humble; but his confidence in his own powers, after having compared himself with numbers, if less arrogant, was more secure and rational: he no longer considered a man as a fool, the moment he differed with him in opinion; but he was still a little inclined, to estimate the abilities of authors, by the party to which they belonged. This failing was increased, rather than diminished, by the company which he now kept.

Amongst the young students, who frequented Mr. ———'s, the bookseller, was Mr. Thomas ——, who, from his habit of *blurting* out strange opinions in conversation, acquired the name of Tom Random. His head was confused between politics and poetry; his arguments were paradoxical, his diction florid, and his gesture something

between the spouting action of a player, and the threatening action of a pugilist.

Forester was immediately caught by theoratory of this genius, from the first day he heard him speak.

Tom Random asserted, that "this great globe, and all that it inhabits," must inevitably be doomed to destruction, unless certain ideas of his own, in the government of the world, were immediately adopted by universal acclamation.

It was not approbation, it was not esteem, which Forester felt for his new friend; it was for the first week blind, enthusiastic admiration—every thing that he had seen or heard before appeared to him trite and obsolete; every person, who spoke temperate common sense, he heard with indifference or contempt; and all who were not zealots in literature, or in politics, he considered as persons, whose understandings were so narrow, or whose hearts were so depraved, as to render them "unfit to hear themselves convinced."

Those who read, and converse, have a double chance of correcting their errors.

Forester, most fortunately, about this time, happened to meet with a book, which in some degree counteracted the inflammatory effects of Random's conversation, and which had a happy tendency to sober his enthusiasm, without lessening his propensity to useful exertions. This book was the life of Dr. Franklin*.

The idea, that this great man began by being a *printer*, interested our hero in his history; and whilst he followed him, step by step, through his instructing narrative, Forester sympathized in his

* An elegant edition of the Life and Writings of Dr. Franklin, embellished with a fine portrait, is (we are informed) in the press, and will appear in a few days.

feelings, and observed how necessary the smaller virtues of order, economy, industry, and patience, were to Franklin's great character and splendid success. He began to hope, that it would be possible to do good to his fellow-creatures, without overturning all existing institutions.

About this time, another fortunate coincidence happened in Forester's education.—One evening, his friend, Tom Random, who was printing a pamphlet, came with a party of his companions, into Mr. ——, the bookseller's shop, enraged at the decision of a prize in a literary society, to which they belonged.

All the young partizans, who surrounded Mr. Random, loudly declared, that he had been treated with the most flagrant injustice, and the author himself was too angry, to affect any modesty upon the occasion.

"Would you believe it," said he to Forester—"my essay has not been thought worthy of the prize!—The medal has been given to the most wretched, tame, common-place performance, you ever saw. Every thing in this world is done by corruption, by party, by secret influence!"

At every pause, the irritated author wiped his forehead, and Forester sympathized in his feelings.

In the midst of the author's exclamations, a messenger came with the manuscript of the prize essay, and with the orders of the society, to have a certain number of copies printed off with all possible expedition.

Random snatched up the manuscript; and with all the fury of criticism, began to read some of the passages, which he disliked aloud.

Though it was marred in the reading, Forester could not agree with his angry friend, in condemning the performance.—It appeared to him excellent writing, and excellent sense.

"Print it—print it, then, as fast as you can—that is your business—that's what you are paid for. Every one for himself," cried Random, insolently throwing the manuscript to Forester; and as he flung out of the shop, with his companions, he added, with a contemptuous laugh, "A printer's devil setting up for a critic! He may be a capital judge of pica and roman, perhaps—But let not the compositor go beyond his stick."

"Is this the man," said Forester, "whom I have heard so eloquent in the praise of candour and liberality? Is this the man, who talks of universal toleration, and freedom of opinion, and who yet cannot bear, that any one should differ from him in criticising a sentence? Is this the man, who would have equality amongst all his fellow creatures, and who calls a compositor a printer's devil! Is this the man, who cants about *the pre-eminence of mind*, and the *perfections of intellect*, who takes advantage of his rank, of his *supporters*, of the cry of his partizans, to bear down the voice of reason? —'Let not the compositor go beyond his composing stick.'—And why not? why should not he be a judge of writing?" At this reflection, Forester eagerly took up the manuscript, which had been flung at his feet. All his indignant feelings instantly changed into delightful exultation—he saw the hand—he read the name of Henry Campbell. The title of the manuscript was, "*An Essay on the best Methods of reforming Abuses.*" This was the subject proposed by the society; and Henry had written upon the question with so much moderation, and yet, with such unequivocal decision, had shown himself the friend of rational liberty, that all the members of the society, who were not born away by their prejudices, were unanimous in their preference of this performance.

Random's declamation only inflamed the minds of his own partizans. Good judges of writing

exclaimed, as they read it—" This is all very fine but what would this man be at? His violence hurts the cause he wishes to support."

Forester read Henry Campbell's essay with all the avidity of friendship; he read it again and again—his generous soul was incapable of envy, and whilst he admired, he was convinced by the force of reason.

His master desired, that he would set about the the essay early in the morning; but his eagerness for his friend Henry's fame was such, that he sat up above half the night, hard at work at it. He was indefatigable the next day at the business; and, as all hands were employed on the essay, it was finished that evening.

Forester rubbed his hands with delight, when he had set the name of Henry Campbell in the title-page—But an instant afterward he sighed bitterly.

" I am only a printer," said he to himself. " These just arguments, these noble ideas, will instruct and charm hundreds of my fellow-creatures; no one will ever ask—' Who set the types?'

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Tom Random and two of his partizans: he was extremely displeased to find, that the printers had not been going on with his pamphlet; his personal disappointments seemed to increase the acrimony of his zeal for the public good—he declaimed upon politics—upon the necessity for the immediate publication of his sentiments, for the salvation of the state. His action was suited to his words—violent and blind to consequences, with one sudden kick, designed to express his contempt for the opposite party, this political Alnaschar unfortunately overturned the form, which contained the types for the newspaper of the next day, which was just going to the press, a newspaper in which he had written splendid paragraphs.

Forester, happily for his philosophy, recollected

the account, which Franklin, in his history of his own life, gives of the patience, with which he once bore a similar accident. The printers, with secret imprecations against oratory, or at least against those orators, who think that action is every thing, set to work again, to repair the mischief.

Forester, much fatigued, at length congratulated himself upon having finished his hard day's work; when a man from the shop came to inquire, whether three hundred cards, which had been ordered the week before to be printed off, were finished. The man to whom the order was given, had forgotten it; and he was going home; he decidedly answered, "No; the cards can't be done till tomorrow—we have left work for this night, thank God."

"The gentleman says he must have them," expostulated the messenger.

"He *must* not, he cannot, have them. I would not print a card for his majesty at this time of night," replied the sullen workman, throwing his hat upon his head, in token of departure.

"What are these cards?" said Forester.

"Only a dancing-master's cards for his ball," said the printer's journeyman. "I'll not work beyond my time, for any dancing-master that wears a head."

The messenger then said, that he was desired to ask for the manuscript-card.

This card was hunted for all over the room; and, at last, Forester found it under a heap of refuse papers: his eye was caught with the name of his old friend, monsieur Pasgrave; the dancing-master, whom he had formerly frightened by the skeleton with the fiery eyes.

"I will print the cards for him myself; I am not at all tired," cried Forester, who was determined to make some little amends for the injury, again set up as before. In his time the king of

which he had formerly done to the poor dancing-master. He resolved to print the cards for nothing, and he staid up very late to finish them. His companions all left him, for they were in a great hurry to see, what in Edinburgh is a rare sight, the town illuminated.

These illuminations were upon account of some great naval victory.

Forester, steady to Monsieur Pasgrave's cards, did what no other workman would have done, he finished for him on this night of public joy his three hundred cards. Every now and then, as he was quietly at work, he heard the loud huzzas in the streets: his waning candle sunk in the socket, as he had just packed up his work.

By the direction at the bottom of the cards, he learned where M. Pasgrave lodged, and as he was going out to look at the illuminations, he resolved to leave them himself at the dancing-master's house.

ECENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 75.)

JENKINS, (HENRY) a native of Yorkshire, remarkable for having lived to the extraordinary age of 169 years. He remembered the battle of Flodden-Field, and was examined in court on a circumstance that happened 140 years before. He retained his faculties, but as he was born before parochial registers were kept, no parish would support him, so that he subsisted by alms. He died in 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale in Yorkshire, after living 169 years; viz. sixteen years longer than Old Parr. The interesting events that happened in this man's life are very extraordinary —he was born when popery was established by law; he saw the papal supremacy thrown off; two queens beheaded; the monasteries dissolved; the protestant religion established; and popery

Spain was crowned king of England, a third queen beheaded, the whole navy of Spain destroyed by the English, the republic of Holland formed, and the protestant religion firmly settled in England. In his time the king of Scotland was crowned at Westminster, and his son and successor beheaded before the gates of his own palace; the government of the church and state overturned; the royal family proscribed as traitors, and again settled on the throne.

LOOKUP, (Mr.), was a North Briton by birth, but served an apprenticeship to an apothecary in the north of England, and acted in that profession, as a journeyman, in the city of Bath. Soon after the death of his master, he paid his addresses to the widow, and prevailed on her to favour him with her hand. From his infancy, he had a strong propensity for play; and living constantly in that seat of gaiety and dissipation, he had frequent opportunities of indulging it. As he grew older, he gave a greater latitude to his inclinations, and became very expert at several games, being endowed with a very good understanding, and a penetrating genius. Finding himself by his connubial alliance, master of about five hundred pounds, he presently shut up shop, and turned his application from pharmacy to calculation. He became a first-rate piquet-player, a very good whist-player, an excellent back-gammon-player, and a tolerable billiard-player. In a short time, by his incessant industry, he greatly increased his capital. About this time, lord Chesterfield particularly distinguished Mr. Lookup, and from his patronage, people of the first rank did not think Mr. Lookup's company beneath them; so true is the observation, "that he who plays as deep as any man, is company for

any man." His lordship and Mr. Lookup, were, for a long time, a constant match at piquet, his lordship playing the game more than tolerably well; but Mr. Lookup's superior skill at length prevailed, and the latter was a very considerable gainer by the party. His lordship sometimes amused himself at billiards with Mr. Lookup; and it was upon one of these occasions that his lordship had the laugh against him, from a *finesse* of his antagonist. Mr. Lookup had met with an accident, by which he was deprived of the sight of one of his eyes, though to any cursory observer, it appeared as perfect as the other. Having been the conqueror on even terms against lord Chesterfield, Lookup asked how many his lordship would give him if he put a patch upon one eye. Lord Chesterfield agreed to give him five, and Lookup beat him several times successively. At length his lordship, with some petulance, exclaimed, "Lookup, I think you play as well with one eye as two." "I don't wonder at it," replied Lookup, "for I have seen only out of one for these ten years." With the money he won of lord Chesterfield, he bought some houses at Bath, and jocularly named them *Chesterfield-row*. After accumulating a considerable sum by play, he repaired to the capital: and having buried his wife, married another widow with a very large fortune. His plan of operations was now much enlarged, and though he played occasionally for his amusement, or when he met with what is termed a *good thing*, he did not now pursue gaming as a regular profession. He struck out several schemes, some visionary, and others advantageous; among the foremost of these was a project for making saltpetre; for which extensive buildings were erected at Chelsea. So sanguina were his hopes of success, that he persuaded a particular friend of his to become a partner, and the loss of many thousands was the consequence of pursuing his project. He

was concerned in many privateers at the beginning of the war, and at the close of it he engaged in the African trade. His darling passion would, however, sometimes predominate, and he has been known to sit up whole nights, playing for very considerable sums, within a few weeks of his death. Nay, it was averred that he died with a pack of cards in his hand, at his favourite game, *humbug*, or two-handed whist; on which Mr. Foote facetiously observed, "That Lookup was *humbugged* out of the world at last." The affair for which he was on the point of suffering a disgraceful punishment, made a great noise in the world, we shall therefore briefly state it. Meeting with Sir Thomas F——k, they agreed to repair to a tavern, to play at cribbage. They played very deep, and Mr. Lookup won between three and four hundred pounds, which he received. But it having been hinted to Sir Thomas that Lookup must have had a pull upon him, the baronet commenced an action to recover double damages, according to the statute. In defending this action, by the blunder of Lookup's attorney, he swore to a circumstance which was proved to be false. Lookup was hereupon imprisoned and prosecuted for perjury, and would have stood on the pillory if a flaw had not been discovered in the indictment, which opened a door for his escape. Mr. Lookup, upon the whole, was almost as extraordinary a character as has been seen for many years. He possessed a considerable share of good sense, cultivated by a long acquaintance with the world; he had a smattering of learning, a retentive memory, a fluency of words, and a vivacity of imagination. We cannot add that he was generous, grateful, or courageous. He ended his days in Holland, whither he went to settle some commercial affairs: we cannot positively assertain his age, but we think he must have been bordering upon seventy.

For the Monthly Visitor.

THE BEGGAR's TALE.

Non hæc Evandrode te promissa parenti
Discedens dederum, cum me complexus euntem,
Mitteret—— VIRGIL.

——O Philander!
What was thy fate! a double fate to me.
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen than of prey;
It call'd Narcissa long before her hour,
It call'd her tender soul by break of bliss,
From the first blossoms, from the buds of joy.
—— YOUNG.

IN one of my late solitary walks among the neighbouring woods and groves, as I was reading, with equal pleasure and instruction, Thomson's Seasons,* I was surprised by the appearance of one of those miserable objects who continually wander from door to door, in quest of the necessary subsistence of life. He lay prostrate upon the earth, beneath the shade of an ancient oak, which grew at the foot of a naked precipice, with his eyes fixed attentively downwards; while every sense seemed absorbed in a kind of listless indifference.

When he perceived me, he arose with more agility than his figure seemed to bespeak, and approached with a firm, though slow step, intending, as I then imagined, to solicit assistance; but, as I afterwards found, principally to apologise for having intruded into my inclosures.

His modest, though at the same time elegant, manner of addressing me, and his easy deportment,

* A beautiful pocket edition of Thomson's Seasons is now in the press, under the direction of the Rev. J. Evans, and will be embellished with eight beautiful engravings by eminent artists. This work is promised to the public in December.

in a situation to all appearance so miserable, excited my attention, and awakened in me a more than ordinary degree of curiosity. I beheld with astonishment the feeble remains of an excellent and manly figure, joined to a most expressive countenance, clothed in tattered garments, coarsely patched with different coloured rags, "that seemed to speak variety of wretchedness." He was withal so clean, and there appeared in his manner something so dignified, that I could not help supposing him a person who had been once much above his present mean condition. A meagre countenance, that seemed the effect of disappointment and grief, partly shaded by his venerable grey hairs, added strongly to the first impressions which the sight of this child of misery had made upon my mind, and rendered me unsually anxious to be informed of his history. I, therefore, invited him to my house; and, after administering to his necessities, entreated him to favour me with the particulars of his life.

"Sir," replied the man, "neither your patience nor my own feelings, I am afraid, will allow me to answer your request, or to do justice to the recital of those events which have reduced me to the condition that you now behold. But, if your generosity will indulge me, and your heart does not disclaim to interest itself in the tale of woe, my story, I hope, will not prove altogether barren, either of utility or pleasure. A melancholy kind of pleasure indeed, suited to the relish of those minds alone who have been trained in the school of adversity: and yet the only enjoyment, of which, for many years, I have been susceptible.

"To be brief, then, sir, my father was the younger branch of an illustrious family; but, unhappily, attaching himself to the interest of the unfortunate house of Stuart, he was abandoned by his friends, disowned by his relations, and entirely neglected in the distributions of fraternal bounty.

Supported, however, by his own merit, he acquired a competency, which enabled him to live, if not in splendour, at least in independence. For his courage as a soldier, and his prudence as an officer, having recommended him to the attention of the greatest men in the army, by their influence, when the party of Charles was ruined, he obtained a commission in the French service.

"After remaining a few years in this situation, he married the only child of an old French officer, who had always behaved to him with the greatest regard, and who died soon after the celebration of their nuptials. By this event he became possessed of 5000l. and, wishing to spend the remainder of his days in his native country, he sold his commission, and with a fortune of 6000l. embarked with his wife for Scotland. Here he purchased a small, but elegant villa; and there they resolved to dedicate their future hours to retirement and happiness, when I appeared the first pledge of their mutual loves —but, alas! I was also the last. It was not granted to a fond mother to embrace her only child. Never did the maternal benediction descend on my unhallowed head; never did my infant tongue lisp the endearing name of mother. In fact, she died in the very agonies of child-birth, and such was her untimely fate, that it was with the utmost difficulty my life was preserved.

"Thus Providence frowned upon me at my birth, and seemed to mark it strongly as a presage of my future woes and misfortunes. What I lost by the death of my mother, was, in a great measure, compensated by the care, the solicitude, and the vigilance of the best of fathers. His paternal tenderness watched over my infant state; and his sound judgment directed my early youth.

"I soon discovered a strong inclination for a military life; and this my father appeared rather to

encourage than repress. Often had he been solicited by men in power to accept a commission in the British army; and, as he was now convinced that the interest of the House of Stuart was completely ruined, and being still a steady advocate in the cause of his country, he resolved to gratify my inclination for the military life, at the same time that he acceded to their proposals.

"Accordingly we both entered the army in the beginning of the last German war; he in the rank of colonel, and I in quality of an ensign. Never could I have entered with nobler prospects of success—never with better opportunities of improvement. All the care of a father, and all the abilities of a general, were devoted to my service. To me he communicated whatever knowledge or experience he had treasured up, and whatever admonitions his prudence could suggest. Through his influence and respectability I enjoyed the friendship of my superiors, and the universal acquaintance of my brother officers. For his reputation as a soldier, gained him the esteem of the old; and his easy manners made his company courted by the young.

"I was always taken notice of (think not, sir, that I repeat this from a principle of vanity,) for a peculiar delicacy and correctness of taste, and for a certain happy genius for the mathematical sciences. These, under so excellent a tuition, I improved to the best advantage; and, in consequence, was soon advanced to the emoluments of an engineer, and the rank of a captain.

"There was hardly an engagement of note, during the whole war, in which I was not present; but the most glorious, and the most dreadful of all, was the *battle of Fontenoy*. It is needless for me, sir, to attempt to describe to you this terrible

scene of carnage and heroism; when prowess was overpowered by numbers, and, as the poet nobly says—

"Threatening warriors stoop'd to kiss the ground."

Suffice it to say, that I survived the death of many a braver man, and saw that field of glory died with British blood. There, in the foremost ranks of a regiment, who so eminently distinguished themselves on that occasion by their prodigious efforts of valour, my father fell amid the brave, and paid the last purchase for the wreath of eternal fame. To his corse I offered all the honours that filial piety could bestow; and to his memory was paid the tribute of universal regret. After the battle I was preferred to his post, and, at the conclusion of the war, was permitted to return to my paternal estate.

"I had been married for some years, and already the happy father of two most beautiful daughters. These, with my wife, and one of her sisters, a maiden lady, composed my little family; wherein the most harmonious peace and happiness always reigned. But we did not long enjoy this virtuous retirement undisturbed. A contagious distemper, which raged in the neighbourhood, cut off first my youngest daughter, and then my wife, whose humanity always led her to administer comfort to the afflicted, though at her own hazard. My feelings, upon that occasion, are unutterable; and though time and various objects have abated the keenness of my sorrow, a melancholy gloom still hangs on my soul, and there is a void in my mind, which hath rendered all posterior enjoyments incomplete.

"My whole care was now confined to my eldest daughter, Maria; and all my hopes were concentrated in her prosperity. Her education and her morals I most assiduously cultivated; and, in return, had the pleasure of beholding that every day

added something to the graces of her mind, or the beauties of her person. I always had a breast susceptible of the charms of female excellence, and had enjoyed opportunities of surveying fair ones of every description; but, without indulging a fond partiality, I can safely say, that, in all my travels, her equal never struck mine eye. Every virtuous accomplishment of her mother she possessed, heightened, if possible, by still greater luxuriance of beauty, and elegance of manners. Improved by the vigour of health and the bloom of youth, in her were united whatever is delightful in good humour, or captivating in sensibility—whatever is sprightly in wit, or amiable in simplicity—all that is engaging in modesty, or dignified in virtue. Oh! pardon, sir, my anguish, at the hopeless recollection of what is for ever gone!"

Here a flood of tears interrupted his discourse, his bosom swelled, and, fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, he wiped from off his face those tears of sorrow which his affecting tale had excited. When he had composed the agitation of his mind, the old man thus proceeded—

"Such an assemblage of charms, sir, could not fail to attract a multitude of lovers; but, of all that numerous group, distinguished by birth and accomplishments, Henry alone made an impression on Maria's heart.

"He was the son of a neighbouring gentleman, with whom I was upon the most friendly terms, and whose ancestors had shewn the greatest kindness to my father. I was no stranger to their mutual passion; for my daughter had not even a wish which she would conceal from me; and, as the young gentleman was of extraordinary merit, and descended of a worthy and illustrious family, I gave it my warmest assent. His friends were equally propitious to the match.

"Henry had always been anxious to spend some of his earlier years in the agreeable exercise of travelling, thinking that the best field whereon to reap instruction and improvement, and was just deliberating upon the route which he should pursue, and the method that he should adopt, when the prospect of the late unhappy American war obliged me to return to the duties of my office. As he travelled from other motives than a blind regard to fashion, and with nobler views than of mere amusement, he resolved to accompany me whithersoever the regiment should be destined; and to be a witness for some time, to the hardships and delights of a military life.

"His father, ever anxious to contribute to the happiness of his son, embraced the proposal with joy; for to whom, with more safety, could he think to commit his son? I myself, alas! was fond enough to imagine that my experience might be of some little service to the youth, to direct his curiosity to objects of importance, and to regulate his conduct by the laws of equity and honour.

"Accordingly I accepted the charge without hesitation; and in a few days we set off for the metropolis. The parting scene was indeed highly pathetic. It was marked with strong lines of paternal and filial affection; but the traits of virtuous love were most conspicuous. Imagine to yourself, sir, a heart warm with sensibility—overflowing with affection—eager with solicitude—actuated by the most delicate impressions of female tenderness—anxiously mustering up in imagination every possible scene of futurity, and earnestly recommending to a favoured lover, regard to his safety, and circumspection in the hour of danger. On the other hand, behold a youth of noble principles and generous soul, almost overcome by the fond endearments and animated beauty of the fair, promising

every attention which honour would allow, and such unexampled tenderness deserved. The kiss of affection, mingled with abundant tears, sealed their mutual protestations of inviolable love, and a warm embrace concluded the moving scene.

"We had not been long in London, when one of that infernal tribe, who are continually prowling around the abodes of the innocent, and digging the pit of destruction for the unsuspicious and unwary, chanced to set his eye upon Henry, at a place of public amusement. He knew him to be young, open, generous, untutored in the ways of the world; a friend to virtue, and easily imposed upon by specious pretences; unsuspecting of deceit, credulous of every appearance of honour; and, what doubtless was his principal inducement, possessed of an affluent fortune. Such a character he saw was the proper subject whereon to exercise his diabolical talents; and he marked him out accordingly. The snare was laid with profound address and ingenuity; and its execution was conducted with the greatest circumspection.

"Having pointed out Henry, and communicated his remarks to a fellow sharper of the same gang; after conference, it was agreed that the latter should attack Henry as he returned to his lodgings, while the former accidentally appearing, should espouse his cause. His motions, accordingly, were strictly watched during his stay in the house, and he had not proceeded far on his way home, when he was desperately beset by two ruffians, who not only demanded his money, but even threatened his life.

"Their demand he soon satisfied. by delivering up his purse, containing fifty guineas; but their insulting violence he resolved to answer with his sword. After maintaining for some time a very unequal fight, wherein he received several wounds, Richard (for that was the name of the sharper first

mentioned), came up, and pretending to interest himself in the cause of justice, interfered in his behalf. By him the combat was continued, till he contrived to receive a slight scratch from one of his companions, when the robbers were obliged to desist, and consult their safety by a speedy flight.

" Henry was in no condition to decline the offer of the stranger, who insisted upon conducting him home. A surgeon was immediately called, who pronounced the wounds not to be dangerous; and that time and quiet, with proper care and attention, would produce a perfect recovery.

" The sharper was assiduous in his attentions, and every day made personal enquiries about Henry's amendment; of whose happiness he seemed to be so solicitous from his very heart. Influenced by his engaging behaviour and polite mien, I soon felt myself attached to him; and, indeed, his remarks were so judicious, his sentiments so generous, and his conversation so elegant and refined, that I am convinced some earlier period had beheld him in a more respectable rank of life.

" Henry's first care, upon his recovery, was to write to pour out his soul to his beloved Maria; his next to pay the debt of gratitude to his benefactor. By him he was received in a handsome apartment, where every thing bespoke the independence of the owner; for the money seized on that unhappy night, had enabled them to procure every requisite to support his pretensions.

" A young lady soon after entered the room, the elegant simplicity of whose dress and manner, seemed an indication of the unaffected purity and genuine candour of her soul. Upon being introduced to Henry, as the sister of his friend, she received his salute with that degree of modesty which adds grace to the female charms; and said, " that she would always rejoice in the welfare of one who

was so dear to her brother." Happy! had he never beheld that alluring countenance: had he never felt the influence of those meretricious charms! But let us not arraign the will of heaven, nor, by our untimely reproaches, insult the memory of those whose misfortunes are no more. The conversation soon became delightful and instructive; it was refined by the delicacy of virtue, and animated by the warmth of friendship. Their penetration quickly discovered the generous ardour of Henry's soul; consequently, benevolence, friendship, sympathy and love were the varied topics of discourse; and these were descanted upon with all the rapture of sensibility and enthusiasm. This was pouring oil into Henry's glowing bosom; he caught a new portion of celestial fire; he imagined himself in the temple of virtue; and, in the mien and accents of the young lady, he fancied he could trace the signatures of the goddess of wisdom. In such society he expected nothing but confidence, candour, and sincerity.

"If Henry had a failing, it was a want of prudent circumspection and wary distrust—a failing certainly of all others the most pardonable, since it is always the concomitant of honor and feeling. In the fulness of his heart, he unbosomed himself to them as to the companions of his former years, or to his father's friends; without reserve communicated his past history, explained his present connections, and displayed his future views. Watching this opportunity, when Henry mentioned his native country—"Sir" exclaimed Richard, "we are united by a still closer tie; the same mountains gave us birth, and, I hope, we shall revisit them pure as the air, and bold as our ancestors.—"The right hand of friendship," cried Henry, "shall still be extended to a native of those mountains—no son of Scotia ever possessed an ignominious soul."

"The rest of the sharper's story was contrived in such a way as best to answer his present intentions.

"As Henry returned home, he rejoiced in the acquisition of such valuable friends; and pleased himself with the anticipation of the many happy hours which he hoped to spend in their virtuous society. To me he was exuberant in their praises; but the accomplishments of the young lady chiefly ingrossed his attention.—"She reminds me of my own Maria," said he, "and as far as she comes short of her inimitable perfections, so far does she excell those of any other."

Warm is her cheek with youth's enchanting bloom,
And shap'd by elegance her slender frame;
Her eyes young beauty's sweetest smiles illume,
And from her lips celestial accents came!

"I was far from being displeased to perceive the happiness of the generous youth; especially as he had often, since his departure from Scotland, expressed his sorrow at the recollection of his fair friends, and lamented, in tenderest terms, the loss of female society. Not that in London he was excluded from the company of the ladies; for his rank and fortune gave him the privilege of being introduced to the most select parties, the gayest assemblies, and the most splendid balls. These were the emporium of beauties, under whose banners he might enlist, to attend their toilets in the morning, and in the evening to dangle in their train to the opera, or the play. But from these gay scenes, sir, the traces of nature were erased: for the voice of truth, was substituted the cant of affectation and flattery; and the expressions of friendship were exchanged for the grimace of unmeaning politeness. Fashion reigned sole arbitress; and, at the shrine of that insatiable and despotic

power, simplicity, decorum, candour, and even virtue itself, were sacrificed without remorse.

"Were such qualities of head or heart congenial to Henry's soul? No; satiated and loathed, he soon turned away, and, with an aching heart, languished for the scenes that were past—those happy scenes of his early youth, when, with his beloved Maria leaning on his arm, he was wont to wander through the groves and on the mountains, surveying, with enraptured delight and gratitude, the variegated beauties of nature; and supremely blessed in the innocence and simplicity of a rural life; enjoying the sweet converse of her whom his soul adored, and not envious of the felicity of the most exalted mortal.

"I sympathised with his feelings; and, indeed, I am fully convinced that, to an elegant and sensible mind, nothing can afford more exquisite pleasure than the conversation of a modest, accomplished, and virtuous female.

"This new friendship, therefore, he sedulously cultivated; and what time was not devoted to study, or business, was commonly divided between the insinuating pair and me. To Henry, every new visit afforded additional testimonies of their merit; and not a day rolled over our heads but something was added to the accumulating fund of their praise. Although, to me, the superior excellency of their character did not appear in so strong a light, yet they were at least faultless; something, indeed, was perceptible to the prying eye of cool observation, but, unwilling to indulge malicious conjectures, I could attribute it only to that freedom, both of sentiment and action, which a residence in the metropolis soon renders familiar and undisgusting. Accordingly, at that time, I contented myself with making some general remark on the deceitfulness of appearance, and the artifice,

of mankind, without any particular insinuations, which, I then thought, would have been equally illiberal and unjust. To such a pitch may the arts of dissimulation be carried; and so nicely may the vizor of virtue conceal the lineaments of a knave.

(To be continued.)

ON TRUTH.*

In imitation of an Essay, by Lord Bacon; or, rather his Essay on Truth in a different Style.

THAT the mind of man naturally aspires at truth, is an assertion that admits of serious discussion. The mind may, indeed, suggest an enquiry after this virtue, but it seldom perseveres in the explication. We ask a question, but have neither patience or inclination to attend to the solution. We delight in giddiness, and consider it as a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free will in thinking, as well as in acting. Though the philosophers of this sect be nearly gone, yet there still remain discoursing wits, who are of the same veins; yet stored with less blood than those of the ancients.

That lies should be in favour, arises not only from the difficulty of finding out truth, or when found, that it imposes on our thoughts, but from a natural and corrupt love of the lie itself. This compound propensity is ingeniously treated upon by the Grecian philosophers, who, by the bye, seem puzzled to conceive what should cause men to nourish lies, when they neither produce pleasure as

* Of the Essays written by this distinguished nobleman, there has lately been published a new and beautiful edition, embellished with an elegant portrait. We have been highly gratified in the perusal of this volume. See our Review for the present month.

with the poet, nor advantage as with the merchant. I am equally undetermined as to the illustration of this query. Truth may, perhaps, be appreciated as the pearl which shines best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond, or carbuncle, that appears to the greatest advantage in varied lights. A mixture of a lie not unfrequently adds pleasure. Were we deprived of vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of fear, melancholy, and indisposition.

One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy "*vinum dæmonum*," because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. It is not the lie which darts through the mind; but the lie that sinketh in, that doth the hurt. You say, they are the same in their natures—they differ in their operations,—the one resembles a fragment of a jetting rock suspended; the other, that fragment in its precipitation. But however these things are thus in man's depraved judgment and affections, truth, which only judges itself, teacheth that the enquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it—the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it—and the belief of truth, which is the enjoyment of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. * The first creature of God in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason, and his sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his spirit.

* These two sentences are transcribed, verbatim, from the noble author. They might be rendered more pleasing, by omitting some of the articles and prepositions; but no words whatever could convey a more distinct idea along with them, than those to which we allude.

First he breatheth light upon the face of matter, or chaos; then he breatheth light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen.

The poet, that beautified the sect which was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well—"Its a pleasure to stand upon the shore and see ships tost upon the sea:—a pleasure to stand on the window of a castle and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, and to see the error and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below." So always that this prospect be with pity, and not with self-sufficiency and pride. Surely, it is a heaven upon earth to have our minds move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth; for there is in truth something so endearing, something so lovely and benignant, that the more we practise it ourselves, the more are we in love with it in others.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and candid dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold or silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth the coin; for these windings and crooked turnings are the goings of the serpent, which moves basely on its belly, and not upon its feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious; nor any virtue that so dignifies a man, as truth, justice, and humanity.

AN EXCURSION

THROUGH THE COUNTY OF KENT,

Made at different times, but concluded in the month of July, 1801, in Three Letters to a Pupil.

By JOHN EVANS, A. M.

MASTER OF A SEMINARY FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF PUPILS, PULLIN'S-ROW, ISLINGTON.

———— O famous Kent!
What county hath this Isle that can compare with thee!
That hath within thyself as much as thou canst wish
Nor any thing doth want that any where is good.

DRAYTON.

LETTER 2d.

MY WORTHY YOUNG FRIEND,

I MUST begin the present epistle with calling your attention to a circumstance which ought to have been noticed in my description of Rochester, but which, at the moment of writing, escaped my recollection. It relates to a structure in the principal street of that city, remarkable for the following singular inscription—

Richard Watts, Esq.
by his will, dated 22d of August, 1579,
founded this charity
for six poor travellers,
who not being *rogues*, or *proctors*,
may receive gratis, for one night only,
lodging, entertainment,
and four pence each.
In testimony of his munificence,
in honour of his memory,
and inducement to his example,

Nathaniel Wood, Esq. the present Mayor,
has caused this stone
gratefully to be renewed
and inscribed,
A. D. 1771.

In this inscription, the putting of *proctors*, or *lawyers*, with rogues, has been the subject of much conversation. Some persons, who are favourable to the gentlemen of the law, deem it an insult, but others are of opinion, that their *exorbitant charges* entitle them to a place in such company. It has also been conjectured, that Mr. Watts had suffered by their chicanery, and had taken this mode of gratifying his resentment. Justice, however, requires it to be observed, that the term *proctors* is not exclusively applicable to lawyers—for it appears, from a passage in Strype's Annals, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, there were a set of men called by the name of *proctors*, who, by begging briefs, collected money, and were a kind of debauched vagrants. This explication happily rescues the profession from an imputation of roguery; though the common reader of the inscription will be inclined to cherish this degrading sentiment.

Ascending the hill from Chatham, on the road to Canterbury, we enjoy a beautiful view of the country. On every side interesting objects present themselves to our attention. Hills and dales, orchards and gardens, churches and farm houses, with the meanderings of the Medway, croud upon the eye, and delight the imagination. Ten miles onward we reach Milton and Sittingbourn; the former on the left, and the latter in the road, but both entitled to a distinct mention.

Milton is a place of considerable antiquity, situated at the head of a creek that runs into the Swale, which separates the Isle of Sheepy from the German ocean. The church is neat; and the town is go-

verned by a port-reeve, chosen on St. James's-day. Here is an *oyster-fishery*; and its productions are much esteemed in London. As the oyster is a curious and very nutritive kind of fish, a few particulars may be detailed respecting it. This delicious sea-fish, it has been justly remarked, occupies in the scale of nature, a degree the most remote from perfection; destitute of defensive weapons, and progressive motion, without art or industry, it is reduced to mere vegetation in perpetual imprisonment, though it every day appears regularly to enjoy the element necessary to its preservation. To use the words of an eminent natural historian—"Oysters usually cast their spawn, or *spat*, in May, which at first appears like a drop of candle-grease, and sticks to any substance it falls upon. It is covered with a shell in two or three days time, and in three years they are large enough to be brought to the market. These oysters they term *natives*, and they are incapable of moving from the places where they first fall, for which reason the dredgers make use of nets, which are fastened to a strong broad iron hook with a sharp edge, which they drag along the bottom of the sea, and so force the oysters into the nets. When they are thus taken, they are carried into different places, where they are laid in beds, or rills, of salt water, in order to salt them. When the spawn happens to stick to the rocks, they grow to a very large size, and are called *rock oysters*. Between the tropics there are millions of them to be seen, sticking at the roots of a sort of trees called Mangroves, at low-water."

Sittingbourn is a post-town, consisting of one long street, embellished by several excellent inns. Being the great road from London to Dover, the landlords are not wanting of employ. A curious mode of advertising the *Red Lion Inn*, in one of the provincial papers, was had recourse to some years

ago; I was favoured with the following copy of it, by my friend at Rochester, who had kept it by him as a curiosity:

"Red Lion Inn, Sittingbourn.

"William Whitaker having taken the above house, most respectfully solicits the custom and support of the nobility, gentry," &c.

The antiquity of the above Inn, and the respectable character which it has in history, are recorded as under:

"SITTINGBOURN, in Kent, is a considerable thoroughfare on the Dover road, where there are several good inns, particularly the RED LION; which is remarkable for an entertainment made by Mr. John Norwood, for KING HENRY the 5th, as he returned from the battle of Agincourt in France, in the year 1415, the whole amounting to no more than *nine shillings* and *nine pence*; wine being, at that time, only ONE PENNY a pint, and all other things proportionably cheap!

"P. S. The *same character*, in a like proportionate degree, W. WHITAKER hopes to obtain, by his *moderate* charges at the present time."

Sittingbourn gave birth to Lewis Theobald, the son of an eminent attorney. He was famous for his edition of Shakespeare, and his contests with Pope, from whom he received very sarcastic treatment. In the year 1720 he brought out a tragedy, called the *Double Falsehood*, most part of which he ascribed to the pen of Shakespeare. This circumstance, however, was warmly disputed. It was afterwards proved, by Dr. Farmer, that the immortal bard had no concern with this production.

Quitting Sittingbourn, and travelling onwards seven miles, we perceive the town of *Faversham* on the left hand, a little way from the road; it consists of four long streets, and has about 2,000 inhabitants. It is of considerable antiquity; several

Roman urns and medals having been dug up in its vicinity. The present church is neat, and its elegant steeple forms an embellishment in the landscape of the surrounding country. The town stands on an arm of the Swale, and in its neighbourhood are many powder-mills, belonging to government. In 1767, in 1781, and in 1793, some of these mills blew up, with the most tremendous explosions. Numerous lives were lost; and many buildings were damaged. One would imagine that few would engage in such a hazardous mode of livelihood; but light labour, and constant pay, are found to be sufficiently strong inducements. With respect to the composition of *gunpowder*, if we suppose it to be divided into a hundred parts—seventy-five parts consist of nitre, fifteen of charcoal, and ten of sulphur. These ingredients are intimately blended together, by long pounding in wooden mortars, with wooden pestles, and a small quantity of water. The mixture is then formed into a stiff paste, which being forced through wire sieves, is broken into small grains, or becomes *granulated*. These grains being then shaken, or rolled in a barrel with some powdered black lead, are rounded by their mutual friction and are glazed by the powder of the lead. Its force and explosion, when set on fire, are occasioned by the sudden expansion of the elastic ærial matter which it contains. Gunpowder is said to have been accidentally found out by Schwartz, a German monk, at Mentz, in the year 1330—pounding the materials in a mortar, a spark of fire fell into it—an explosion immediately took place, and the mortar was thrown to some distance. Hence some kind of cannon are still called *mortars*; probably with a reference to its original invention. The discovery of gunpowder has wholly changed the military system of nations; and, though awfully destructive, yet it appears to have diminished the slaughter in

war, by repressing in some degree the rancour which used anciently to actuate combatants who fought hand to hand. It is however remarkable that the poets ascribe the discovery of *gunpowder* to the Devil, who is thought to be the first author of such an invention! Speaking of its materials, Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, makes one of the Infernals to exclaim

These in their dark nativity the deep,
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hollow engines long and round,
Thick ramm'd; at th' other bore with touch of fire,
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far with thundering noise among our foes,
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse; that, they shall fear we have disarm'd
The thunderer of his only dreaded bolt!

ARIOSTO in his *Orlando Furioso*, has these lines of similar import—

All clos'd save a little hole behind,
Whereat no sooner taken is the flame,
The bullet flies with such a furious wind,
As tho' from clouds a bolt of thunder came;
And whatever in the way it find,
It burns, it breaks, it tears, and spoils the same!
No doubt some fiend of hell or dev'lish wight,
Devised it to do mankind a spite!

HARRINGTON'S TRANSLATION.

Permit me just to add a stanza from Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, to the same purpose; the coincidence between these three Poets is striking and impressive.

As when that devilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies, shall,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill!

That such an article should be attributed to such an origin, cannot be matter of astonishment to a

mind tinctured with humanity. It is a most shocking reflection that creatures ordained by the dictates of reason, and enjoined by the precepts of Revelation to live together in amity, should study each other's destruction. The pages of sacred and profane history are stained with blood. WAR is atonce both the curse and disgrace of mankind. May the PEACE just commenced prove the presage of that UNIVERSAL TRANQUILLITY which will one day exalt and bless the world!

An event happened at Faversham, Dec. 12, 1688, of a singular kind. This was the detention of the unfortunate James the 2d, who had embarked here for France. It is mentioned in all the Histories of England.

In the way to Canterbury from Faversham, we pass *Boughton Hill*, from the summit of which a delightful prospect salutes the eye from every part of the horizon. The fertility of Kent is here seen to great advantage. The isle of Sheepy, with the ships at the Nore are beheld on one side, whilst the country through which you have journeyed in the way from Chatham, rises full to view with its characteristic loveliness! Such surveys of nature always exhilarate the heart endued with sensibility:

——— The spacious vale with flowers
O'erspread, and copious herbage pleases at once
The sight, and offers to the ready hand
Spontaneous beauty ripening in the Sun!
OGILVIE'S BRITANNIA.

Bidding adieu to this hill, to the summit of which we walked for the ease of our horses, we again entered the stage; and rapidly bowling down into the valley before us, we soon alighted in the ancient and venerable city of Canterbury.

CANTERBURY is pleasantly situated on the river Stour; and being spread over a considerable portion of ground, contains a great number of inha-

bitants. Some pretend to insinuate that the place existed 900 years before Christ. Its antiquity indeed may be so great, that we cannot ascertain the precise period of its commencement. In *Canterbury* there are *fourteen* parish churches, besides the cathedral, which adds greatly to the appearance of the city. The parish of St. Dunstan is called after *Dunstan* the famous Saint, and archbishop of Canterbury, who died A. D. 988, and concerning whom the monks gravely tell the following story. *Dunstan* losing favour with the king, retired to a little cell, built against the church wall of Glastonbury. Here he amused himself with forging several useful things in brass and iron. One evening working very busily at his forge, the *Devil* in the appearance of a man, thrust his head in at the window of his cell, and asked him to make something or other for him. Dunstan intent on his work, made no answer, on which the *Devil* beginning to swear, betrayed the lurking fiend. The holy blacksmith putting up a secret ejaculation, pulled his tongs which were red-hot out of the fire, seized the *Devil* by the noise, and squeezing him with all his strength, made his infernal Majesty roar at such a rate, that he terrified and awakened the people for many miles round! Canterbury is mentioned with particular regard in the earliest account of our island. Its walls, its gates, and several of its churches mark its great age; and afford ample materials for the gratification of the antiquarian curiosity. It has two markets weekly on Wenesday and Saturday, the latter being by far best attended. Two banks were opened in Canterbury in 1781, and 1791, the one under the firm of Gipps, Simmonds and Gipps, the other under that of Baker, Denne, Kingsford, Halford and Kingsford. From the favourable situation of the city with respect to the adjacent country, devoted to the cultivation of

hops and other useful articles of consumption, it is probable that it must always enjoy no small share of prosperity.

The corporation of Canterbury consists of a mayor, recorder, 12 aldermen, a sheriff, and 24 common council-men. The city is distributed into four streets, disposed in the form of a cross, is divided into six wards, about three miles in circumference, and sends two members to parliament. Upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, by Louis the 14th, thousands of French protestants fled to this country, many of whom employed in the silk manufacture, took up their abode at Canterbury. The dissenters here are numerous, having several places of worship. The meeting of the *General Baptists* standing in the Black Friars, used to be very agreeably encircled by trees, but they have lately been cut down, which is far from being an improvement. The remains of a castle are to be seen at the extremity of the city, and there is an artificial mount, called the *Dungell* or Dane, John-hill, and by others *Donjon* or Dungeon, a high tower, in old fortifications. It is supposed to have been raised by the Danes when they in Ethelbert's time besieged the city. From the summit there is a charming view of Canterbury and the surrounding country. In 1790 this spot was greatly embellished by James Simmons, Esq; one of the aldermen, who rendered it a pleasing place for recreation to the citizens. It is however to be regretted, that since that period it should have been suffered to fall into decay. Of late years Canterbury has experienced many valuable improvements. Nor must we forget to mention the *Hospital*, a neat and spacious building, erected within these few years; and deserving of every countenance, because institutions of this kind are designed to mitigate the pains of suffering humanity. We shall

also just add, that there are two large handsome booksellers shops with good libraries, in this city, the one kept by Mr. William Bristow, the other by Mr. James Simmonds; both of these gentlemen publish papers twice a week, which have an extensive circulation throughout the country.

The cathedral is a vast pile of building, and exhibits marks of hoary antiquity. It rears its towers with a peculiar elegance, and its interior is decorated by various monuments well worth examination. The choir is thought to be the most spacious in the kingdom; the stalls for the Dean and Prebendaries are of wainscoat, divided by neat fluted pillars, with capitals of the Corinthian order supporting the various insignia of ecclesiastical authority. Behind the altar used to stand the famous shrine of St. Thomas Becket, which old Stow thus describes.—"This shrine was built about a man's height all of stone, then upwards of timber, plain, upon which was a chest of iron, containing the bones of Thomas Becket, scull and all, with the wound of his death, and the piece cut out of his scull, laid in the same wound. The timber work of this shrine on the outside was covered with plates of gold damasked with gold wire, which ground of gold was again covered with jewels of gold, as rings, 10 or 12 cramped with gold wire, into the said ground of gold many of these rings having stones in them, broches, images, angels, precious stones, and great pearls, the spoil of which shrine in gold and precious stones filled two great chests, one of which six or seven strong men could do no more than convey it out of the church at once, all which was taken to the king's use, and the bones of St. Thomas, by command of the Lord Cromwell, were then and there burnt to ashes, in Sept. 1538, the 30th year of Henry the 8th." I transcribe this

particular description of the shrine, because it was frequented previous to the reformation by thousands of pilgrims from every part of the kingdom! This Thomas Becket was archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry the 2d, and by his insolent behaviour to that monarch, precipitated his own destruction. He was after various broils and intrigues seized in the cathedral, and tumbled headlong from an eminence, so that his brains were dashed out on the pavement! They show you the fatal spot in the present day; and an old man pointing to the identical part where he fell, assured me that there was a *stain* which time had not obliterated.

In later times among other luminaries of the church, there have been two archbishops of Canterbury, of a very different complexion. The one was *Laud* a man of talents and an encourager of learning; but violently attached to his own principles, and a bitter persecutor of those who differed from him. He had the chief hand in those impolitic measures of Charles the first, which brought both him and his master to the scaffold. Among the unfortunate persons, whom he persecuted, and in whose sufferings he barbarously rejoiced, was the father of archbishop Leighton, whose ears were cut off, his nose slit, and other cruelties practised upon him, that he lingered out the remainder of life in pain and misery! When his piteous tale was laid before Parliament, it drew tears from the eyes of the members, and excited profound commiseration. Persecution is the most odious of all vices, it renders those who practise it a disgrace to the times in which they live, and their memories are held in execration by posterity! The other archbishop of Canterbury to whom I allude is, the intelligent and amiable John Tillotson, who died 1692, universally lamented. He was the first Pre-

late who was elevated to the Primacy after the revolution, and of course was exposed to the resentment of all those persons who were attached to the cause of the abdicated monarch. His conduct however was that of the Saviour, *when he was reviled, he reviled not again.* After his death was found a large bundle of papers in his study, mostly anonymous letters that had been sent him, full of abuse and calumny; the only notice he had taken of them, was, tying them together and writing upon them—*Father forgive them, they know not what they do!* His sermons are excellent, and have been universally admired. King William upon his decease was pleased to say, and it was a noble tribute of respect to his memory.—"*I never knew an honester man, and I never had a better friend!*"

Tillotson, Burnet, and other distinguished members of the church of England, together with several divines among the dissenters, deserve great praise for their steady opposition to Popery in the reign of James the second of bigotted memory. The romish church indeed was in this country shaken to the foundation by Henry the 8th, who with all his vices rendered an essential service to his subjects, by the dissolution of a bondage which had for ages fettered the consciences, and brutalized the hearts of mankind:

That Gothic church by superstition reared,
In whose dark cells in hideous durance bound,
Lay *groaning reason*, dauntless HE assailed
And tore the massy fabric to the ground!

VALPY.

The diocese of Canterbury contains 257 parishes, besides chapels in Kent. and 100 more in other dioceses. These latter are called *Peculiars*, because whenever the archbishop has manors or advowsons, those places are deemed in the diocese of

Canterbury. The see is supposed to produce about 10,000l. per annum. The archbishop is primate of all England, and the first peer of the realm, having precedence of all Dukes not of the blood royal, and all the officers of state. He is stiled his *Grace*, and writes himself *Divina Providentia*, by Divine Providence, whereas other bishops only stile themselves *Divina Permissione*, by Divine Permision. At coronations he places the crown on the king's head, and wherever the court may be held, his *Majesties* are the proper domestic parishioners of the archbishop of Canterbury. The see has yielded to the church, 18 saints, to the church of Rome, 9 cardinals, to the civil state of England, 12 lord chancellors, 4 lord treasurers, and one lord chief justice, besides 9 chancellors to the university of Oxford! The present metropolitan Dr. John Moore was raised to this elevated station in the year 1784, and has conducted himself with great moderation. In every department of life *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit* forms the loveliest decoration of christianity.

Leaving the city of Canterbury, and pursuing the road to Margate, we observe on the left, *Barton Mills* at a pleasant distance from the road, and on the right we are surprised by a stately range of barracks, where a great number of troops are stationed. One evening being at a little distance from these barracks, and in company with a young lady of an excellent musical ear, I well recollect our turning round suddenly, and being delighted with the tones of the martial trumpet, wafted through the air, and heightened by the stillness of closing day! The road to Margate passes through the village of *Sturry*, two miles distant from Canterbury. Here under *the hospitable roof* of a *much respected Friend*, I took up my abode during my stay in this part of the country. The river Stour running close by

the house, has at this place flung over it a neat stone bridge of three arches, though rather high in its elevation. Opposite the mansion and across the public road stands a water-mill for the grinding of corn, which by the noisy circulation of its wheels, reminds the passing traveller, bent on pleasure, not to forget the benefits resulting from the unwearied operations of industry. Just beyond this spot at the distance of a few yards, the parish church lifts its tapering spire, having its interior decorated with "many a holy text," and the whole structure is encircled by a cemetry where

Each, in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep!

The mill, the church, the bridge, and the transparent stream seen from the parlour window of my friend, have a pleasing effect. They form a perfect picture, and add no small degree of beauty to the surrounding scenery!

At the habitation of my friend I met with *four* excellent engravings taken from TITIAN, which from the nature of their subjects, and the elegance of their execution attracted my attention. They were entitled the *Triumph of Time*, the *Triumph of Christianity*, the *Triumph of Fame*, and the *Triumph of Death*. Each was accompanied by an interesting explication. In such paintings the power of the pencil may be pronounced particularly impressive! Not only were the groups of the figures, but even the separate countenances replete with expression. The *Fine Arts* shed a more fascinating influence when we perceive them consecrated to our moral improvement.

Bidding adieu to Sturry, we leave on the right the ancient town of *Fordwich*, a member of the port and town of Sandwich, enjoying the privi-

leges of a cinque port, and giving the title of *Viscount* to the family of Cowper. It is incorporated by the name of the mayor, jurats, and commonalty of Fordwich. The trout caught at this place are well worthy notice. Walton in his *Complete Angler*, particularly mentions them, a work published so far back as the reign of Charles the first, "There is also in Kent (says he) near to Canterbury, a trout called there a *Fordidge* trout, a trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; many of them near the bigness of a salmon, but known by their different colour, and in their best season they cut very white." I transcribe this account, for it is curious to see the opinion of an eminent Angler respecting them in those days. I have eaten of them at the house of my friend, who amuses himself often by catching them with a net, and have found them delicious. What they live upon in fresh water is still a mystery. I have been present at the opening of them, but upon inspecting the stomach no vestige of food could be discerned!

At *Sarr* another member of the port of Sandwich, we enter the *Isle of Thanet*, containing 41 square miles, and 27,000 acres of land. It produces a great quantity of corn, and is in a high state of cultivation. The name *Thanet*, signifying *fire*, was given it by the SAXONS, because it formerly abounded with beacons for the purpose of watching the common enemy. It is said that the blessings of knowledge first visited this part of our island. The state of the natives before this period must have been wretched, for what is life without the conveniencies and comforts of civilization? Wonderful have been the effects of its introduction into Britain. Our present state contrasted with the condition of our forefathers, inspires the lovliest gratitude:

Many a long lingering year in LONELY ISLE,
Stunn'd with the eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo! with dim eyes that never learn'd to smile;
And trembling hands the famish'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
Or scorched on rocks he pines from day to day!
But SCIENCE gives the word—and lo! he braves
The surge and tempest lighted by her ray;
And to a happier land wafts merrily away!

MINSTREL.

Margate, at the northern extremity of the Isle of Thanet, and 16 miles from Canterbury; it is subject to the mayor of Dover, of which port it is a member. It used to be of little importance till the year 1724, when an act of parliament was obtained to rebuild the pier with stone; and the town itself underwent considerable improvement. Of late years it has been much frequented by the citizens of London, who flock hither in the summer season. Hoys convey these visitors to Margate in a few hours, though sometimes the voyage lasts for two or three days. Into these vehicles of conveyance they crowd persons of all descriptions; and Dr. Walcot (under the assumed name of Peter Pindar) has in a late publication played off his wit upon their peculiarities with his usual freedom. The citizens however are entitled to a large portion of recreation after their application to business in the close and heated recesses of an overgrown metropolis. Entertainments of various kinds are here provided for their gratification, particularly a theatre, a library, an assembly-room, a camera obscura of large size, &c. The bathing here is excellent, the shore being level, and covered with sand. The number of subscribers often amounts to *one thousand*, in a season. Diligences run every day to Canterbury to meet the coaches which come from London, and return with passengers to Margate the same evening. So safe is the voyage

hither from the metropolis, that no hoy has been lost for these 150 years past. *Dandelion*, in the vicinity of this place, is a famous tea-house, with gardens, which are much frequented. The gathering up of shells, pebbles, sea-weeds, &c. along the shore, often amuses the company. Dr. Lettsom, in 1792, laid the foundation of a very useful institution, under the name of a General Sea-bathing Infirmary.

The good effects of *sea-bathing*, in certain cases, have been well ascertained; it is also a most agreeable exercise to those who have a partiality for the water, especially in the summer season:—

Oh! recreation exquisite to feel,
The wholesome waters trickle from the head
Oft as its saturated locks emerge!
To feel them lick the hand, and lave the foot!
And when the playful and luxurious limb
Is satiated with pastime, and the man
Rises refresh'd from the voluptuous flood,
How rich the pleasure to let zephyr chill,
And steal the dew drops from his panting sides!

HURDIS.

Mr. Hasted, in his *History of Kent*, remarks, that "the town and harbour of Margate are situated so directly open to the Northern Ocean, that a vessel taking her departure thence, and steering her course north half east, would hit no land till she came on the coast of Greenland, in the latitude of 75 degrees north, after having run 1380 miles!" Certain it is, that its situation is greatly exposed to the ocean; and, on a fair day, the various ships passing along with a gentle breeze, some at the utmost verge of the horizon, entertain the eye and gratify the imagination!

Kingsgate, on this coast, derives its name from the landing of *Charles the second* here, in his way

from Dover to London. Here is the seat of the late Lord Holland, resembling an Italian villa; particularly that of Cicero's, near the Bay of Baie, in the Augustan age, when the polite arts were in the zenith of their glory. This is a very elegant place, and enriched by curiosities brought from the most distant parts of the world. There are also, in the adjoining grounds, buildings, with appropriate inscriptions, intended to represent the ruined edifices of antiquity.

Still keeping along the coast, we reach the *North Foreland*, the extreme east point of England. It projects far into the sea, after the form of a bastion, on which a *light-house* exalts its head; whence patent lamps, with reflecting lenses impart a strong and brilliant light, for the guidance of ships traversing this part of the ocean! The light, attended by two men, who watch in turns, may be seen in clear weather more than ten leagues off; the whole building being white washed, is seen farther in the day, and becomes more illuminated throughout the night. Every British ship going round the *Foreland* pays two-pence, and every foreign one fourpence per ton for the support of this structure, raised to ensure their safety. It is under the regulation of the Trinity House, Deptford. Such are the improvements of civilized society.

Proceeding in the way to Ramsgate, on the left we perceive *Broadstairs*, a small neat place, in a retired situation. Here a number of vessels are fitted out for the North Sea, and Iceland cod-fishery. It has been lately visited by the more genteel classes of company, who wish to be withdrawn from the bustle in which Margate and Ramsgate are generally involved. Opposite to this place, about two leagues from the shore, and about ten miles in length, the *Goodwin Sands* stretch themselves — always the terror, and not unfre-

quently the destruction of mariners! Here, in the great storm 1703, the Stirling Castle, Restoration, Northumberland, and Mary, with vice-admiral Beaumont, and 1100 seamen perished. The origin of these sands lies in great obscurity.

Ramsgate is situated about five miles from Margate, in the cove of a chalky cliff. Formerly an obscure town; it has been of late raised in its importance, by its trade to Russia, and the East country. Noble families have for some years past honoured it with their residence during the summer season. Chapel Row, Prospect Row, Sion-hill, and Albion Place, are extremely pleasant. It has good inns, an excellent toy-warehouse, and an extensive library. The bathing place is under the cliffs—the bottom being chalk covered with sand. The piers, forming the new harbour, are objects well worthy attention. The eastern one extends itself near 800 feet into the ocean, built entirely of white Purbec stone! The western one is partly wood and partly stone; the bason is commodious; and the harbour forms an exellent refuge for ships exposed to the utmost danger in the Downs. The expence of building it was immense; but it is, undoubtedly, an object of national utility.

Sandwich, the next town, is near a mile and a half from the sea, and is a place of great antiquity. It contains three parish churches, a grammar-school, three hospitals, and a town-hall, over which is a council chamber. It is incorporated by the name of the mayor, jurats, and commonalty. Lysons, in his *Environs of London*, says, that gardens, for raising vegetables for sale, were first cultivated about Sandwich. The soil about this part is very good, and, of course, the seeds raised in it are in much repute. The town is, for the most part, watered by a narrow stream, called the Delph, which runs through it. An elegant assem-

bly-room has been lately built, and there are many wealthy inhabitants. William Boys, Esq. in the year 1792, published a curious account of Sandwich, embellished with several engravings.

Quitting Sandwich, we soon come in view of *Deal*, extending itself close along the sea-shore. Its inhabitants, therefore, must be in the habit of hearing—

> The billows break upon the sounding strand,
> And roll the rising tide impure with sand!
>
> DRYDEN.

Deal, in the time of Leland was a fishing-town, but since that period has been greatly improved. It now consists of three narrow irregular streets; and its inhabitants are chiefly either in the sea faring line, or employed in offices under government. St. George's chapel of ease is both elegant and spacious —the cemetry also adjoining is ornamented by many neat tombs. The trade of the place arises from its connection with the DOWNS, which lie immediately opposite the town, where ships of war and merchandise ride, previous to their departure for the most distant regions of the world! To behold so many stately vessels at anchor forms a most interesting spectacle; the mind is thrown into a variety of pleasing speculations upon the maritime importance of our native country. Near the town stands a *Telegraph*, the first of the twelve that connect the Downs with the Admiralty-office, Westminster, the distance being 72 miles. The period of communication up to London, at an average, is *ten minutes*; but the atmosphere being at one time very clear, a message was sent up and an answer returned in *fifteen* minutes!! The telegraph is by no means a modern invention. Something of the kind is supposed to have been in use even so far back as the Trojan war; for a Greek play begins

with a scene, in which a watchman descending from the top of a tower in Greece, gives the information that Troy was taken—"I have been looking out these ten years (says he) to see when that would happen, and this night it is done!" Under different forms it certainly existed among the ancients. The Marquis of Worcester also mentions it in 1663, in his *Century of Inventions*; but it was never much used till the French revolution, when being revived, it has undergone several alterations, and has been brought to great perfection. We next meet with *Deal Castle*, of a singular form, and with walls of enormous thickness; the naval hospital, the military hospital, and the royal barracks, each of which boasts of an healthy and pleasant situation.

The high road from Deal to Dover passes through the village of Walmer, whose castle is the occasional residence of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Esq. the present warden of the Cinque Ports. But this spot is remarkable for being the place where Julius Cæsar is supposed to have landed, fifty years before the commencement of the christian era, and by which circumstance the Romans obtained their first footing in this country. The account, which *he himself* gives of it in his *Commentaries*, is extremely interesting, and shall be transcribed:—

"The *Barbarians* (that is, the English), perceiving our design, sent their cavalry and chariots before, which they frequently made use of in battle, and followed with the rest of their forces, endeavoured to oppose our landing. And, indeed, we found the difficulty very great on many accounts, for our ships being large required a great depth of water, and the soldiers were wholly unacquainted with the places, and had their hands embarrassed, and loaded with the weight of armour, were at the same time to leap from the ships, stand breast-high amidst the waves, and encounter the

enemy; while they, fighting upon dry ground, or advancing only a little way into the water, having the free use of their limbs, and in places which they perfectly knew, could boldly cast their darts, and spur on their horses, well inured to that kind of service. All these circumstances serving to spread a terror among our men, who were wholly strangers to this way of fighting, they pushed not the enemy with the same vigour and spirit as was usual for them in combats on dry ground. CÆSAR observing this, ordered some gallies, a kind of shipping less common with the barbarians, and more easily governed and put in motion, to advance a little from the transports towards the shore, in order to set upon the enemy in flank, and by means of their engines, slings and arrows, drive them to some distance. This proved of considerable service to our men, for what with the surprise occasioned by the make of our gallies, the motion of the oars, and the playing of the engines, the enemy were forced to halt, and in a little time began to give back. But our men still demurring to leap into the sea, chiefly because of the depth of the water in those parts, the standard bearer of the tenth legion, having first *invoked the gods* for success, cried out aloud—"Follow me, fellow-soldiers, unless you will betray the *Roman eagle* into the hands of the enemy; for my part, I am resolved to discharge *my duty* to Cæsar and the commonwealth." Upon this he jumped into the sea, and advanced with the eagle against the enemy, whereat our men, exhorting one another, to prevent so signal a disgrace, all that were in the ship followed him, which being perceived by those in the nearest vessels, they also did the like, and boldly approached the enemy. The battle was obstinate on both sides; but our men, as being neither able to keep their ranks, nor yet firm footing, nor follow their respective stand-

ards, because, leaping promiscuously from their ships, every one joined the first ensign he met, were thereby thrown into great confusion. The enemy, on the other hand, being well acquainted with the shallows, when they saw our men advancing singly from the ships, spurred on their horses, and attacked them in that perplexity. In one place great numbers would gather round an handful of Romans, others fall upon them in flank, galled them mightily with their darts. Which Cæsar observing, he ordered some boats to be manned, and ply about with recruits. By this means the foremost ranks of our men having got *firm footing*, were followed by all the rest, when falling on the enemy briskly, they were soon put to the rout. But, as the cavalry were not yet arrived, we could not pursue our advantage far in the island, which was the only thing wanting to render the victory complete."

Such is the account of JULIUS CÆSAR's first landing in Britain; according to his own acknowledgment, the natives fought with distinguished bravery. Nor can the above extract be uninteresting to you, my young friend, who are anxious to acquaint yourself with the history of your country. The Romans were a wonderful people; they remained in possession of Britain about 500 years. To them are we indebted for the blessing of civilisation; and, to this day, we feel the improvements which they were the means of introducing into our beloved Island!

In company with a kind friend who attended me to Deal, I passed through *Waldershare* grounds, and saw the seat of the late Lord North, who was so distinguished for his attempt to subjugate the American colonies, but which terminated in their independence of this country. The house is large and spacious; and the park full of picturesque views. Statues of heathen deities were interspersed

at various avenues, whilst the hare and the rabbit springing from their retreats, bounded along with inconceivable rapidity! A Chinese temple, placed in a most secluded situation, though verging to decay, attracted my attention. Surrounded on every side by trees, and apparently remote from every human habitation, the mind might here easily resign itself to the charms of solitude, free from the impertinent intrusions of society:—

Hail, awful scenes! that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose;
Can *passion's* wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here *innocence* may wander safe from foes,
And *contemplation* soar on seraph wings.
O SOLITUDE, the man who *thee* foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence *real grandeur* springs! MINSTREL.

We soon reached *Barson*, the habitation of my friend, a neat farm-house, the abode of peace and plenty. The parish church is a curious piece of Anglo-Saxon architecture. The outside is adorned with carve-worked stone, with circular arches and windows. It is, indeed, encrusted with antiquity. A great number of Roman *tumuli*, or barrows, in the southern boundary of the parish, shew that the spot was formerly a scene of contention. *Long life* seems to have been enjoyed by many of its inhabitants. In 1700, the minister resident in this parish was buried at the age of 96, the minister preaching the funeral sermon 82, the reader of the service 87, the parish clerk 87, but then absent; the sexton 86, and his wife about 80; and several of the neighbouring parish of Coldred, who attended the funeral, were above 100 years old. In the year 1722 also, there were in this small parish,

which consisted only of 58 souls, *nine* persons, whose ages made 636 years. These are remarkable instances of longevity!

From this healthy retired spot, after a few miles ride, we reach the romantic village of Buckland, and then enter DOVER, which has been emphatically termed the grand *Key*, or entrance from the Continent into the Island of Great Britain! But an account of this place, and of my return through Hythe, Ashford, Tenterden, Cranbrook, Tunbridge and Maidstone, to London, must form the contents of my closing epistle. Having, however, sufficiently trespassed, my young friend, on your patience, I hasten to subscribe myself

Your affectionate tutor,

J. EVANS.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c.

To Enigmatical List of Young Ladies given in our last.

1. Eldridge.	7. Billing.
2. Mumford.	8. Edmunds.
3. Greves.	9. Aris.
4. Scribner.	10. Cooke.
5. Weston.	11. Hayns.
6. Adkins.	12. Newit.

1. Bowl. | 2. The letter A. | 3. Carrot.

4.

Harry is my elder brother's name;
Who has acquired literary fame.

ENIGMAS, &c. FOR SOLUTION.

An Enigmatical List of some of the most distinguished living Poets of Great Britain.

1.

A very delicious dish of victuals.

2.

A cardinal point, and two-thirds of the organ of sight.

3.

A county in the north of England.

4.

A small vessel for liquor, changing a letter.

5.

What is greatly prized by the sons of learning, and two-thirds of what we all daily do.

6.

A town in Brecknockshire, and half a town in Holland.

7.

A war instrument used in ancient times, fifty, a vowel and consonant.

8.

What adorns trees in spring, and the place of battle.

9.

Three-fourth's of a fence, and a peasant's dwelling.

10.

Three-fifths of an ancient coin, and what every gambler wishes to do.

11.

Three-fifths of a low fence, and a particle.

12.

A very ingenious workman in colours.

13.

Part of a violent storm, and a title of Pluto.

14.

A command, and a place of water.

15.

Three-fourths of a fragrant shrub, and an enemy, changing a letter.

16.

A wooden hammer, crossing a letter, and an Indian grain.

17.

The outward part of a thing.

2.

I'm in rivers and fountains,
In hills and high mountains;
In kingdoms and nations,
In frolicks and fashions;
In grief and in pain,
In wind, hail, and rain;
In happiness and bliss,
In the lover's soft kiss;
In birds and in fishes,
In sighs and in wishes;
In dikes and in ditches,
In wizards and witches;
In courtships and marriages,
In chariots and carriages;
In sin and in vice,
In billiards and dice;
In ploughing and sowing,
In reaping and mowing;
In virtue and piety,
In friendship and society;
In ship and shipping,
In skip and skipping;
In dying and living,
In withholding and giving;
In laughing and weeping,
In waking and sleeping;
In all these various things you may me see,
So now, I pray, declare what I can be.

CHARADES.

1.

My first's an Indian weed you'll find,
Tho' much in England known;
My tuneful second charms the mind,
With melodious sound:
My whole, when connected, will bring to your sight,
What with pleasure is us'd by me every night.

2.

My first is one half of the wild beasts retreat,
My next is harmonious, melodious and sweet;
My whole when connected, you clearly will see,
A fickle goddess that ne'er smiles on me

3.

My first is a bird, whose rapt'rous lay,
Proclaims the approach of op'ning day,
And calls all nature from repose:
My next the farmer oft doth need,
When he mounts his slow pac'd steed,
And to the market goes:
My whole, if you together frame,
A very curious flow'r will name.

REBUSSES.

1.

To four-fifths of a woman's christian name please to add,
What makes the old miser rejoice and be glad;
These, when connected, will bring to your sight,
An innocent flower, that's lovely and bright

2.

Reverse what lovers sometimes do
On some fair virgin bright;
A reptile then you have in view,
Perhaps disgusting to your sight.

QUESTION.

Does the *Philosopher* by his discoveries, or the *Man of Business* by his activity, render the most service to the community?

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR OCTOBER, 1801.

ON PEACE.

HARK! what rapture rends the air,
See the crouds tumultuous run;
Banish'd now is wan despair,
Mad ambition's work is done.

Peace descends in radiance bright,
Blooming olives deck her head;
Sweet she smiles, and gives delight,
Wide her blessings rapid spread.

In what cave, or lone retreat,
Didst thy form angelic lie?
Pity soft could never meet,
Thy dim, tearful, tender eye.

Frantic war's deep-sounding yell,
Frighted thee from fertile plains;
And the dismal tolling knell,
Moaning hoarse for slaughter'd swains.

Fly thou didst from village torn,
All was sorrow and despair;
Clad in gloom arose the morn,
Mark'd his face with wild'ring care.

From the cot discordant strains,
Flow'd from melancholy's harp;
There the widow'd wife complains,
Wounded by afflictions sharp.

Songs of joy were heard no more,
Sweetly sung to Innocence;
Dance fantastic round the door,
All were swiftly banish'd hence.

Midst her fields brown Ceres cried,
Tore with rage her poppy braid;
Fury spread dire ruin wide,
Midst her realms dread havoc made.

'Neath the hostile hoofs prostrate,
Lo! the ripen'd harvest falls;
Lo! the fell effects of hate,
War is deaf, where mercy calls.

Whilst dark desolation reigns,
Whilst fell carnage thins the land,
Worth of cold neglect complains;
None takes genius by the hand.

Hence, ye images of woe,
In other scenes to view arise;
Scenes that cause my breast to glow:
Peace enraptures my fond eyes.

By thy plastic magic pow'r,
Nature blooms, and smiles around;
Bliss attends each circling hour,
Now the land's with plenty crown'd.

Now the jocund song resounds
From the mansion and the cot;
Mirth in every vale abounds,
Sweet content's the peasant's lot.

Now his wife, with transport wild,
Fondly to his bosom's prest;
Now again he clasps his child
To his manly, tender breast.

All is rapture, all is love,
Ev'ry object charms his sight;
Parents, kindred, vie to prove,
He imparts to them delight.

This pure bliss dost thou bestow,
Peace divine, adored maid:
Ne'er from us consent to go,
Joy's bright sunshine neve shade.

Hark! the choral hymns of praise,
Swell melodious round the isle;
Love attunes thy vot'ries lays:
Deign, bright Seraph, deign to smile.

Rapture fills my ardent soul,
Smiles thy face irradiate;
Bid the news, from pole to pole,
Fame's loud trumpet prompt relate.

Hark! the courteous zephyrs sweet,
Waft the tidings far around;
Peopled realms thy presence greet,
Homage shew thee, pure, profound!

Fort-street, Oct. 7, 1801. J. S.

On seeing the bloom of a beautiful double-blossomed Cherry Tree entirely shed, after a few Days absence from my Garden.

IN beauty's fairest vest array'd,
How lately shone this tree;
My garden pride, I fondly said,
Henceforward thou shalt be.

From thy fair sister's meaner bloom,
I careless pass away;
Thy sweeter, richer, beauties claim,
The homage that I pay.

Thy lovely, snowy blossoms draw
My steps with magic pow'r,
While, with enraptur'd gaze, I view
Each sweet expanded flow'r.

Thus did I speak, nor thought this bloom
The beauty of a day;
Its open'd foliage look'd so fair,
I thought not of decay.

But not a vestige now remains,
Of my late favo'rite tree;
Its snowy vestments all around,
In scatter'd heaps I see.

Transient has been her lovely bloom,
Each nameless grace is fled;
In fancy's eye, I see my tree
Sink her dejected head.

And well dejected may she view
Her sisters smile around,
For, though with her the fruit is fled,
With them the fruit is found.

Rebuk'd I stand, who thus could turn
From real worth my eyes,
And to that worth a flow'r prefer,
Which only blooms and dies.

Then let this moral be impress'd
Upon the youthful mind,
The fairest blossom worthless is,
That leaves not fruit behind.

And O, ye parents! watch with care,
Each tender budding flow'r;
Nor to those charms direct your praise,
Which wither in an hour.

Soon will that lovely bloom decay,
Which we so fondly prize,
And ev'ry sweet attractive grace,
The hand of time destroys.

But when the gen'rous thought expands,
Where virtue's bloom appear,
There guard their shield from ev'ry blight,
The precious sacred flow'r.

Ah! let not folly hover round,
And taint the sweet perfume!
O, from alluring vice protect,
This dear immortal bloom.

When the gay scene of youth is o'er,
And all her charms decay,
The richest fruits will then appear,
And will our cares repay.

This precious fruit not time destroys,
Age does each charm improve;
And when the tree is laid in dust,
The fruit will soar above!

Transplanted to a fairer clime,
It there shall richer be;
And ev'ry beauty still improve,
Through all eternity!

A. F.

Camden Street,
Islington.

Literary Review.

Essays, Moral, Economical, and Political. By Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Jones. *6s. 6d. neatly done up in boards.*

THE name of Bacon has always associated along with it SCIENCE, in its various departments; HE it was that unlocked the stores of knowledge among the moderns, and diffused a radiance over this western part of the world. Bacon flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth, and James the first, and died 1626, at St. Albans, where he lies interred.

His grand work was the *Novum Organicum Scientiarum*, the design of which was to lay down a more perfect method of exercising the faculty of *reason*, than had ever before been known. But his more popular work, which has been universally read and admired, are these "*Essays*, Moral, Economical, and Political; the subjects of them are extremely interesting; the remarks very acute; and their tendency highly favourable to the promotion of virtue and piety. We have seldom seen a volume better calculated to advance the improvement of the mind, because the author, on every subject, displays such a knowledge of human nature, and expresses his sentiments with so much energy.

It is our opinion, that the publisher of these Essays render an essential service to the public, by laying before them so elegant an edition of this valuable work. The paper and type are excellent;

whilst the portrait of Bacon, being executed in the best manner, cannot fail of imparting to the reader of taste a great degree of satisfaction.

In the short and well-written life prefixed to this edition, we are told, that Addison used to say of Bacon: "that he had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful light graces and embellishments of Cicero." The honourable Mr. Walpole calls him the *Prophet of Arts*, which Newton was afterwards to reveal; and adds, "that his genius and works will be universally admired, as long as science exists." To conclude, another great writer remarks: "Plato and Aristotle were men of a different cast; they did not pay so great a regard to truth and utility, nor instructed mankind so justly, nor opened the hidden veins of science so successfully, nor taught the art of philosophical invention so happily, as Lord Bacon."

Britannia, a National Epic Poem, in Twenty Books; to which is prefixed a Critical Dissertation on Epic Machinery. By John Ogilvie, D. D. F. R. S. Edin. Rivington. 1l. 1s.

DR. Ogilvie has long been known in the republic of letters, by a variety of elegant and ingenious poems, which he has published on several occasions. At the age of *eighteen* he produced his famous poem entitled the *Judgment Day*, which passed through many editions, and established his reputation. Since that period he has laid before the public his *Mona*, his *Providence*, and other pieces of celebrity.

The work before us displays much knowledge, together with no mean portion of poetic energy. He adopts the ancient tradition, that Brutus, who left Troy upon its destruction, settled in Britain,

after many gallant actions in the conquest of the country. Our limits forbid our entering largely into the poem, which possesses great merit, and by every Briton ought to be read with admiration. We shall, however, make a quotation of some length, by way of specimen; it is the speech of a Druid, predicting the future prosperity of this country, and enumerating the learned:

"Know thou, tho' nations far remov'd may boast
Of wits inventive, various and sublime,
Tho' arts that to th' inquiring mind disclose
New figures, by the nicest touch improv'd,
Will please alternately, and inform their kind;
Yet, as in arms, even here Britannia's sons
Will hold the foremost rank. On every theme
That fills the human mind, on every scene
That calls gay fancy to expand her wings,
What train in *science*, skill'd or vers'd in *art*,
Lets in resistless light! I see a sage
Man, while he names him, will exult to see
The human intellect approach so near
To what we deem divine: a god-like son
Of Albion, measuring in exalted thought
Heaven's mighty arch, unfolding as he scans
Th' expanse, the laws that hold within their spheres
The planetary orbs, and to mankind,
In wonder fix't, unravelling all the springs
Of nature's secret harmony.* What powers
Meet in yon great philosopher, whose mind
Fathoms the depths of science, and extends
Her else contracted circuit in his walk,
As his rapt eye revolves from theme to theme.†
I see a man of comprehensive thought,
In science as in wisdom deeply skill'd,
Who scans the mind with penetrating eye;
Th' ideas not inherent, but acquir'd,

* Newton. † Bacon.

And brought by just experience into form
As rudiments of knowledge, who explores
Its reason, fancy, passion, memory, will,
To man unfolding treasures lodg'd within,
But first by him disclos'd *! On lighter themes,
Themes ever new, that hold delighted thought
As in th' enchanter's circle, and supply
Flowers cull'd from ev'ry field; what joyous train
On yonder lawns disport! Unbeaten paths
They choose, and see spontaneous foliage shade,
And blossoms variegate their walk: the thorns
Shrink at their touch, while o'er the smiling field
Beauty and elegance resume their reign†.
But chief the sons of harmony, the throng
With touch ineffable, that break the dream
Of slumbering ecstacy, arise in view.
Lo! by the bank of yonder willow'd stream
The son of Nature lies, the parent's lov'd
And favour'd offspring; taught beneath her eye
To seize her happiest attitudes; to give
Her perfect image to mankind, with all
The mild, the new, the beauteous, the sublime,
Attendant on her gait! ‡ To yonder Man
Of Albion, sinking as with years and woe,
Who lifts to heav'n these dim and blasted orbs
In bitterness of heart, th' Eternal gives
Internal light, a spirit on fiery wings
Rapt to its great original, that soars
Beyond the visible diurnal sphere! ||
O ye in later times, ordain'd to share
These sacred gifts that, while ye please, improve
And smooth the manners of a warlike race,
As once the fathers of poetic song,
Who tam'd erewhile and harmoniz'd the mind!
Whether along the lyre's resounding strings

* Locke. † Addison, Steele, Congreve, &c.
‡ Shakespeare. || Milton.

Ye fling a careless hand, and bid the source
Of music swell an ever varying lay; *
Or soar on *Epic* pinions, or with strokes
That melt or raise, adorn the moral song: †
Ye in the page of history, who hold
A faithful mirror to mankind, nor there
Alone display their actions, but explore
The springs of mighty changes, and of deeds
That hold in every age the world in gaze,
For you what triumphs are reserv'd! I see
The graces sporting in your walk, adorn
And bless the land where Science holds her reign!" ‡

From this agreeable specimen the reader will judge respecting the merits of the poem, which we have read with much pleasure. Every Briton will eagerly contemplate the origin of our island. Such kind of poems, though no doubt mingled, in no small degree, with the fictions of poetic machinery, yet are always gratifying to posterity.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR OCTOBER, 1801.

IT is with the sincerest pleasure, and with the most heartfelt satisfaction, that we record in this our monthly department, the commencement of PEACE between the FRENCH REPUBLIC and the UNITED KINGDOM of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.—For some time past the matter has been in agitation, and numerous were the reports circulated respecting it. Agreeable to their prejudices did individuals speculate either for or against it. But we were relieved from the uncertainty by the disclosure of ami-

* Dryden, Pope, &c.
† Pope, Addison, Prior, Young, Thomson.
‡ Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, &c.

ty on the 2d day of October—a period memorable in the annals of our country! So completely sudden was the arrival of the glorious news, that perfect astonishment seized persons of all descriptions. Not only the opposition, but even the ministerial prints were strangers to the business—whilst *all* therefore suspected the failure of the negociation—*all* were surprised by the annunciation of *Peace* between France and the British dominions. We shall add the following Gazette Extraordinary on the subject—

"London Gazette Extraordinary.

"Downing street, Oct. 2.

"Preliminaries of Peace between his MAJESTY and the FRENCH REPUBLIC were signed last night at Lord Hawkesbury's Office in Downing-street, by the Right Hon. Lord Hawkesbury, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, on the part of his Majesty, and by M. Otto on the part of the French Government."

The *next* step was to ratify the Preliminaries of Peace, which was accordingly done by the two Governments with all possible expedition. On the 10th it was known to the public in the following manner:

"London Extraordinary Gazette.

"Downing-street, Oct. 10.

"The Ratification of the Preliminary Articles of Peace between his Majesty and the French Republic, signed on the 1st instant, were this day exchanged by the Right Hon. Lord Hawkesbury, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and by M. Otto."

General Lauriston arrived with the ratification; he is one of General Buonaparte's Aid de Camps, and was received here with the greatest cordiality. As soon as he was known, the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn by the populace, accompanied with loud acclamations of joy. The

Park and Tower guns were fired on the occasion. In the evening the city was in a blaze with the illuminations—they were also continued on the Monday evening, and in some places even on the Tuesday evening. It is remarkable that on Saturday night during the illuminations, a tremendous storm of thundering and lightning took place—it seemed as if heaven joined with earth, in reflecting back its reverberations of joy!

The *Definitive Treaty* will be signed at *Amiens* (half way from Calais to Paris) in a very short period.

Dispatches have been received at last from GENERAL HUTCHINSON in Egypt, announcing *the fall of Alexandria* into their hands. Thus the conquest of Egypt is completed. It is however by the conditions of the peace to return back to the Turks, its old masters, who, it is to be hoped, will govern them with justice and moderation.

May the distinguished blessing of PEACE, now again poured into our bosoms, be duly improved by us after so long a series of bloody and merciless contentions! May it prove the happy omen of prosperity to *all* the NATIONS OF THE WORLD!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR OCTOBER, 1801.

Oct. 1. PRELIMINARIES of Peace between his *Majesty* and the *French Republic* signed by Lord Hawkesbury and M. Otto in Downing-street.

7. Lord Grenville assembled his corps of Volunteer Cavalry in Stoke Park, and after thanking them for their vigilance, told them that *the blessing of peace* being restored, his Majesty had no further occasion for their services.

8. Mr. Locke's beautiful ship of 1200 tons,

esteemed a chef d'ouvre in naval architecture, was launched from Messrs. Perry's at Blackwall, and named after the celebrated residence of the Percies, *Alnwick Castle.*

10. News arrived of the Preliminaries of Peace being exchanged beteen France and Great Britain. Great illuminations and rejoicings.

11. The wooden house on Tower-hill, called *True Blue,* and which was a rendezvous for volunteer seamen, was wilfully set on fire by some boys, and burnt down in two hours. Several engines attended, but were not suffered to play, the populace being incensed against it, saying it was a kidnapping house for sailors before they were taken on board the tender.

20. A great alarm is excited in St. James's Park from a bench being found besmeared with blood. It was supposed by some persons, that murder had been committed on the spot; but in a short time, and after a good deal of trouble, it was discovered that a butcher's lad had overturned some cows' heads, livers, &c. out of his basket!

22. Several of the swiftest sailing vessels were dispatched from Portsmouth for the East and West Indies, the Mediterranean, Newfoundland, and the coast of Guinea, with official intelligence to the respective Governors and Commanders in Chief in those parts, of the signing of the Preliminaries of Peace.

23. Intelligence arrives of the taking of Alexandria, Sept. 2d, by General Hutchinson.

25. A launch took place from the dock-yard at Woolwich, a new 74 gun ship called the *Plantagenet.* It is built upon a plan furnished by Admiral Gambier, when one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and is of a singularly fine mould, together with exquisite proportions.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

JOHN WEBB, Coventry, dyer. Richard Robert, William Tulford, and Benjamin Hanbury, Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, shoemakers. John Davidson, the elder, William Davidson, and John Davidson, the younger, and Joseph Davidson, Halifax, Yorkshire, dyers. Peter Aubur, East Place, Lambeth, flour-factor. Edward Bate, Westbromwich, Stafford, timber-merchant. Moffat Horne, Wiewsley, Middlesex, coal-merchant. William Williams and Edward Evans, Portsea, Hants, linen-drapers. William Paget, the younger, Womborn, Stafford, miller. Robert Ashdowne, Cliffe, Sussex, mercer. William West and Thomas Hughes, Paternoster Row, London, booksellers. Joseph Dennis, late of Wild-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, broker. Edward Pride, late of Duke Street, Artillery Ground, dyer. Parmenter Smith, Budge Row, wholesale draper. Thomas Mottram, late of Atherstone, Warwickshire, woolcomber. Robert Redhead, Mark Lane, wine and brandy merchant. Joseph Tansley, Great Mary-le-bone Street, glass seller. Mary Greenaway and Francis Greenaway, now or late of Calne, Wiltshire, collar-makers. William Middleton, Liverpool, merchant. Thomas Hellyer, Funtington, Sussex, timber-merchant. George M'Minn and Alexander M'Minn, Liverpool, merchants. George Betley, Liverpool, vinegar-maker. Thomas Dobson, Kendal, Westmorland, merchant. John Irwin, late of Aldgate, High Street, London, innkeeper. David Hopwood, Union Street, St. Mary-le-bone, grocer. Moss Dimmock, Winchester, bookseller. Anthony Thacker, Upwell, Isle of Ely, corn-merchant. Daniel Dakeyne, the elder, Daniel Dakeyne, the younger, Thomas Da-

keyne, and Joseph Dakeyne, all of Darley Dale, bankers and cotton spinners. Humphrey Davies, of the Bear Inn, Welchpool, Montgomery, innkeeper. John Crossley, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. Joseph Higginbotham, Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-spinner. Robert Owen and William Mardle, late of Houndsditch, coppersmiths. George Beal, Surrey Street, cheesemonger. John Last, Brighton, Sussex, builder. James Miller, Hammersmith, Middlesex, wheelwright. Wm. Else, Fleet Street, warehouseman. Thos. Tinson, Fenchurch Street, London, wine-merchant. John Serle, Shepton Mallett, Somersetshire, clothier. Thos. Hodgson, Liverpool, broker. Timothy Virtue, Hammersmith, Middlesex, carpenter. James Aitkin, Castle Street, Leicester Fields, print-seller. Henry Mitchell, Gosport, rope-maker. Edward Rowlands, Coalbrooke Dale, Salop, barge-owner. J. Pollard, Essex Street, taylor. R. Browne, Adam's Court, Broad Street, London, merchant. G. Bowker and J. Chapman, Manchester, corn dealers. J. Macklin, Cheapside, London, Stationer. S. Haigh, Manchester, merchant. G. Matson, Farleton, Lancashire, horse-dealer. S. Lewis, of the town and county of Southampton, victualler.

To Correspondents.

Many of our friends will find their favours attended to in the present number.

*** Error in our last, p. 91, the four top lines should be read at the bottom of the page.

Engraved by Hopwood, from an Original Painting.

MRS. BILLINGTON.

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